

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A Tour through the Island of Jamaica, from the Western to the Eastern End, in the Year 1823. By CYNRIC R. WILLIAMS. 8vo. pp. 352. London, 1826. Hunt and Clarke.

HITHERTO we have had but two classes of tourists in the West Indies, the one satisfied and the other dissatisfied with every thing; the former draws so flattering a picture of negro happiness that we almost wonder some of our unemployed and suffering artisans do not offer to change conditions with their sable brethren; the other set of travellers depict in the most gloomy colours the horrors of slavery; and whips, lashes, and tortures, are kept invariably in our view. That both parties go to extremes will be readily believed, and we perfectly agree with Mr. Williams, that numerous as the publications are which treat on the subject of slave emancipation, yet few persons, even of those who have taken the greatest share in the disquisitions which it has caused, seem to be at all informed of the general state of society in the West India Islands.

To supply this information is the main object of this work, and if attentive observation and honest impartiality are recommendations, and we know no better, Mr. Williams may fairly lay claim to both. He gives a very animated, and we doubt not, a very faithful picture of West India society in all its varieties, from the rich planter to the slave; and, as he observes, the persons who read it, 'will have an opportunity of learning that negro slaves are not worked and flogged alternately, at the option and caprice of their masters, as many good Christians imagine, who have signed petitions for emancipating them; that they have their pastimes as well as toils, their pleasures as well as pains; and that they smile as often, and laugh as heartily, as the labouring people of this or any equally happy country.'

Mr. Williams's volume has reached us too late in the week to enter into an analysis of its contents, but we shall quote a few passages to show the author's style, which is lively and agreeable, and we have seldom met with a more entertaining work. Much pains have been taken to give the negroes religious instruction by means of missionaries, but it appears to little purpose, for Mr. W. says—

'As to their religious progress, it does not seem to improve their morality. Their superstition is overcome, and the menial restraints against thieving and roguery are overcome with it. An old patriarchal negro, with a white beard and head, came one day to

complain of a newly christened neighbour refusing to pay an old debt of a doubloon, which the patriarch had lent him, on promise of repayment, to purchase a share of a cow. But on the present application, the nominal Christian had affected ignorance of the debt, and surprise at the demand. He said the old man lent the doubloon to Quamina, but he was not Quamina now; he was a new man, born again, and called Timoty, and was not bound to pay the dead man, Quamina's, debt. The cause being brought before the master, was heard, and summed up in the following words:—"Quamina, otherwise Timothy, this may be very fine logic, and you may think it religion too, but, for the sake of morality, Mr. Rascal, pay the money or make over the cow." Quamina finding there was no appeal, began to grumble and swear, and even to curse the preacher's religion, since it was "no worth." The old patriarch said, that "formerly people minded the *puncts*, hung up in the trees and grounds as charms to keep off thieves, but since there was so much *preachy preachy*, the lazy fellows did nothing but tie.'

We have already alluded to the negro amusements, what those are will be seen by the following description of them:—

'I was grumbling in imagination at the incessant clamour of the cocks on the morning of Christmas-day, when my ears were assailed with another sort of music, not much more melodious. This was a chorus of negroes singing "Good morning to your night-cap, and health to master and mistress." They came into the house and began dancing. I slipped on my dressing-gown, and mingled in their orgies, much to the diversion of the black damsels, as well as of the inmates of the house, who came into the piazza to witness the ceremonies. We gave the fiddler a dollar, and they departed to their grounds to prepare their provisions for two or three days, and we saw no more of them till the evening, when they again assembled on the lawn before the house with their gombays, bonjaws, and an ebo drum, made of a hollow tree, with a piece of sheepskin stretched over it. Some of the women carried small calabashes with pebbles in them, stuck on short sticks, which they rattled in time to the songs, or rather howls of the musicians. They divided themselves into parties to dance, some before the gombays, in a ring, to perform a bolero or a sort of love-dance, as it is called, where the gentlemen occasionally wiped the perspiration off the shining faces of their black beauties, who, in turn, performed the same service to the minstrel. Others performed a sort of pyrrhic before the ebo drummer, beginning

gently, and gradually quickening their motions, until they seemed agitated by the furies. They were all dressed in their best: some of the men in long-tailed coats, one of the gombayers in old regimentals; the women in muslins and cambrics, with coloured handkerchiefs tastefully disposed round their heads, and ear-rings, necklaces, and bracelets of all sorts, in profusion. The entertainment was kept up till nine or ten o'clock in the evening, and, during the time, they were regaled with punch and *santa* in abundance; they came occasionally and asked for porter and wine. Indeed, a perfect equality seemed to reign among all parties; many came and shook hands with their master and mistress, nor did the young ladies refuse this salutation any more than the gentlemen. The merriment became rather boisterous as the punch operated, and the slaves sang satirical philippics against their master, communicating a little free advice now and then; but they never lost sight of decorum, and at last retired, apparently quite satisfied with their saturnalia, to dance the rest of the night at their own habitations.'

The next morning, a little after breakfast time, the slaves re-appeared, dressed in fresh costume, that of yesterday being, perhaps, a little deranged with their romping. A new ceremony was to be exhibited. First came eight or ten young girls marching before a man dressed up in a mask with a grey beard and long flowing hair, who carried the model of a house on his head. This house is called the Jonkanoo, and the bearer of it is generally chosen for his superior activity in dancing. He first saluted his master and mistress, and then capered about with an astonishing agility and violence. The girls also danced without changing their position, moving their elbows and knees, and keeping time with the calabashes filled with small stones. One of the damsels betraying, as it seemed, a little too much friskiness in her gestures, was reproved by her companions for her *imperance*; they called her Miss Brazen, and told her she ought to be ashamed. All this time an incessant hammering was kept up on the gombay, and the cotta (a Windsor chair taken from the piazza to serve as a secondary drum) and the Jonkanoo's attendants went about collecting money from the dancers and from the white people. Two or three strange negroes were invited to join, as a compliment of respect; they also contributed to the Jonkanoo man, who, I am told, collects sometimes from ten to fifteen pounds on the occasion. All this ceremony is certainly a commemoration of the deluge. The custom is African and religious, although the purpose is forgotten. Some writer,

whose name I forget, says that the house is an emblem of Noah's ark, and that Jonkanoo means the sacred boat or the sacred dove—*caken* meaning sacred, and *jona* a dove, in Hebrew or Samaritan: but as I have no pretension to etymology, I leave this subject to the literati.

'The negroes have a custom of performing libations when they drink, a kind of first-fruit offering. When the old run-away thief of a watchman reconciled himself to his master, he received a glass of grog in token of forgiveness on the one side, and of repentance on the other; first, that he should not be flogged, and secondly, that he should not run away any more. On receiving the glass of grog, he poured a few drops on the ground, and drank off the rest to the health of his master and mistress.

'On all these occasions of festivity the mulattos kept aloof, as if they disdained to mingle with the negroes; and some of the pious, the regenerated slaves, also objected to participate in the heathen practices of their ancestors. Yet they seemed to cast many a wistful look at the dancers, more especially after they had taken their allowance of grog, which it was no part of their new faith to renounce.

'My friend Quashie had got into disgrace, and came to me to intercede for him. He had lamed the horse Romulus or Rombluss, in a nocturnal ride to another estate, where he had a second wife. His mode of getting the horse out of the stable was not a little ingenious; the door is always locked at night and the key brought into the house, but the climate requiring security only from rain, two sides of the stable are not even boarded, being defended only by strong bars of wood or rails; one of these was taken out by Quashie, who then tied the horse's legs together, and throwing him down, dragged him under the other bars, unfettered him, and made him get up, and rode off to his dulcinea. He had returned before day-light, and had been detected performing the same ceremony to drag the horse into the stable again, and by some awkwardness he had lamed him. I could not have ventured to intercede for him, for there is something so aggravating in a servant's abuse of his master's dumb animals; however, Mr. Graham only put him in the stocks on Christmas-day, and dismissed him from the house to work in future in the fields; but Quashie held it as a heavy punishment, for he begged to be flogged again and again, if his master would let him still be groom: but he begged in vain.'

As we shall return to this volume in our next, we shall only quote one more extract; but it is a curiosity in its way—nothing less than a negro funeral sermon.

'The corpse was buried by moon-light with the help of torches, and after the negro fashion; but Ebenezer, seeing that the business was to end there, had called out to know if they would not "read *ober* him, and if they were not going to *sabe* his soul?" The negroes, very accommodating, told him he might read if he would; on which he took a book from his pocket, and held it the wrong way upward (which did not signify, as he

does not know his letters) and began as follows:

"Dea belubb'd, we gather together dis face congregation, because it horrible among all men not to take delight in hand for wantonness, lust, and appetite, like brute mule, dat hab no understanding. When de man cut down like guinea grass, he worship no more any body, but gib all him world's good to de debbil; and Garamighty tell him soul must come up into heab'n, where nothing but glorio. What de use of fighting wid beast at Feesus? Rise up all and eat and drink, because we die yesterday, no so to-morrow. Who show you mystery? Who nebba sleep, but twinkle him yeye till de trumpet peak? Who baptize, and gib you you victory ober de debbil's flesh? Old Adam, belubb'd!—he bury when a child, and de new man rise up when he old. Breren, you see dat dam rascal Dollar;—he no Christian; he no Jew, no missionary, no Turk, for true. You see him laugh [Abdallah denied it]—when he go to hell he die, and nebba gnash him teeth, and worms can't nyam him. Breren, all Christians, white and black man, all one colour—Sambo and mulatto—no man bigger dan another—no massa, and no fum fum—plenty o'grog.—So, breren! Garamighty take de dead man, and good night!"

(To be continued.)

Mischief's Exposed: A Letter to H. Brougham, Esq. M.P. showing the Inutility, Absurdity, and Impolicy of the Scheme, developed in his Practical Observations, for Teaching Mechanics and Labourers the Knowledge of Chemistry, Mathematics, &c. By the Rev. G. WRIGHT. London, 1826.

MUCH as we could desire to see the lower classes participate in the advantages of education, and witness an amelioration in their moral and intellectual condition, we greatly doubt whether Mr. Brougham's system is likely to be attended with the benefits which its supporters anticipate. The project of converting mechanics into dabblers in science, and sturdy disputants on such topics as politics and political economy, does not appear the best devised plan for promoting the comforts or real interests of this class of persons. The system is by far too forced and artificial;—has too much display, and too little of practical utility. The subject of education for the lower orders is one that requires due deliberation; but unhappily the education of the people is considered by some of its advocates more as an end than as a means. To us it appears to be desirable only inasmuch as it be adapted to their station of society, and as it be of a sound and healthy tendency. Religious and moral, rather than scientific, instruction is the grand desideratum. To attempt to render those, who must be necessarily doomed to labour and privation, smatterers in literature and science—disputatious and conceited, will be attended with little benefit, either to society, generally, or to that particular class in favour of whom education is advocated. Above all, it behoves the advocates of this system to consider whether there be not great danger

that merely the means of acquiring information, unless under the guidance of principle and discretion, will be as liable to be abused as turned to any useful account. Persons in that sphere of life can hardly ever become more than half instructed; they may, perhaps, acquire just enough information to mislead them, or to show them those extensive regions of knowledge into which they have neither leisure nor opportunities of making any progress. There may, undoubtedly, be exceptions here and there—instances of individuals, who will, by dint of superior talent and perseverance, overcome all obstacles; but we speak only of the mass. These, it is to be feared, will as much pervert and abuse, as profit by and enjoy, the kind of information which Mr. Brougham's system holds out. There is certainly some danger that persons so instructed may acquire notions little compatible with their station in society, or with their own happiness. We are well aware that there are instances of men who have raised themselves to eminence and fortune from the very lowest rank; but to suppose, that were all equally cultivated, all would obtain equal or nearly equal success, is as preposterous as to imagine that every one can obtain a great prize in a lottery. Talent can be marketable only as it is wanted; and if there be a superfluity of it, the possessors of it will be forced to have it lay useless on their hands, and concealed in obscurity. We really do think that a bricklayer or carpenter would not be at all happier than at present were he to possess the science of an Archimedes or a Newton. There is something remarkably delusive in the examples of successful names, and if such instances as Watt, Franklin, and other eminent individuals may lead many to success, they must inevitably lead far more to disappointment.

So far as the education of the people tends to furnish them with both an useful and innocent relaxation, in their short intervals from the toil necessary to support themselves and families,—so far as it tends to substitute mental for animal gratification—reading, for the indulgence and excesses of the ale-house, we highly approve of it. But a mere indiscriminate taste for reading may be so far from being desirable or useful, that it may prove actually noxious. Means of information, especially when directed neither by principle nor taste, are as likely to be perverted and misapplied as not; and there will never be any lack of dealers in literature, as ready to furnish poison as medicine for the mind.

But the most objectionable feature in Mr. Brougham's system, and one to which the writer of this letter calls the public attention, is that of discussion and disputation, which, to say nothing of the ridiculous parade accompanying it, is as likely to be attended rather with mischievous than salutary effects. Instead of being induced to spend his evening with his family, and to impart to them those lessons of moral and religious conduct, which he might acquire from suitable books—the most happy effects that could result from the education of the poor—the mechanic is to be disputing or listening to

the disputations of others, at some institution, while his children are neglected.

But it is high time for us to let the author of the Letter speak for himself; we shall, therefore, quote the following passages, in which he points out some of the evils to be apprehended from the new system:—

‘In recommending the acquisition of scientific and political knowledge to the working classes, you lay down three things as essentially necessary to the success of the plan: establishing reading societies, founding lectures, and promoting discussion. It appears to me, sir, that this organization of the operative population, and occupying their minds with ideas on subjects inconsistent with their employments, has a tendency to excite combinations against the masters, to cherish discontent in the workmen, and to erect nurseries for free-thinking and disaffection. On each of these particulars, I beg leave to submit a few remarks.

‘The combination of workmen against their employers has every where been productive of many evils, and little or no good. The masters suffer much anxiety and loss of property. The public undergo a serious inconvenience, and the men themselves are frequently great losers. In some instances, acts of riot have taken place. Houses have been attacked, premises burnt, money wasted, and poverty and premature death brought upon the workmen and their families. Your plan will afford the greatest facilities for combination. The men are to be organized into a kind of body corporate; they are to hear lectures on political economy they are to discuss the relative questions of the price of goods and the price of labour; to form committees, to be under a head, to make resolutions, and thus to learn the manner of acting in concert. These societies you recommended to be conducted entirely independent of superiors. “It is a principle,” you observe, “equally essential, that they (the workmen) should have the principal share in the management: the opinions of patrons are always sure to have influence, as long as their object plainly is to promote the good of those for whom the institution was founded: and as soon as they are actuated by other views, it is very fit their influence should cease.” When, therefore, the interest of the masters and the men somewhat clash together, and, for the sake of argument, suppose, for once, the masters to be right, yet their influence will cease immediately, for the men will not easily believe themselves wrong. A body of men marshalled, disciplined, and debating subjects, as you propose, will prove too powerful for any master. They will be able to carry any measure among themselves, however detrimental it may be to the interests of the trade. They will exercise great influence over other trades, and thus scatter the seeds of dissension far and wide. This effect, whether contemplated by you or not, will, I believe, be the natural result of the combination of workmen, to instruct themselves in party politics and political economy. The time which masters have allowed for instruction will be turned against themselves, and the end will be, that

at length, they must stand in awe of their own men.

‘There is also a tendency in the plan to foment discontent among the working classes. An industrious and sober man in full work, is happy in himself and in his family. Circumscribing his views to the great object of providing for his household, meddling not with things which do not concern him, quite indifferent whether Lord Eldon or Mr. Brougham be the chancellor, he endeavours to rear his offspring in the same manner as he himself was educated, in a manner fitting their station; and aspiring not to the air-balloon regions of political economy or pure mathematics, though he neglects not the proper culture of his mind, he is pleased and contented with the situation in which Providence has placed him. He is a good neighbour, a kind friend, an affectionate husband and father, and a religious man. The exercise of the feelings and habits by which such a character is formed, makes him happy. But when taken out of this circle, instructed in the a, b, c, of chemistry, French, and politics; told that many, who know nothing of these things, are in higher situations than he is, have more money, and enjoy in greater abundance the good things of life, he begins to think he is oppressed. He looks upon persons in an upper rank to be interlopers, whom he learns to hate and to envy. He forgets that they or their ancestors raised themselves by merit or industry. At the same time he loses sight of his own comforts and fire-side enjoyments. Things, which he formerly considered to be blessings, grow mean in his eyes, because they seem less than his imaginary merit. Deprived of that quiet state of mind which he once possessed, he unhappily becomes the prey of discontent and hopeless ambition. This, sir, I conceive to be the boon which you incautiously offer; the mixture, which you will pour into the cup of hundreds, if your plan should be adopted to any extent. And a miserable exchange it will be for the tranquillity which a happy ignorance of political economy and party politics was accustomed to procure them. Knowledge, like all other good things, must have the concomitant of time, place, and rank, to render it useful or desirable. There are ways already open to mechanics and others of bettering their condition: these are industry and attention to business. Many a man would have passed his days in comfort and respectability, and gone down to the grave in peace, if he had never been excited to raise himself out of his own rank, by adopting the habits, expenses, or even knowledge of a higher sphere. Like Phaëton, he finds, perhaps, when repentance is too late, that he asked from Heaven a pernicious request.

“At tu, funesti ne sim tibi muneris auctor,
Nate cave: dum resque sinit, tua corrige vota.
Deprecor hoc unum: quod vero nomine pona,
Non honor est: pœnam, Phaëton, pro munere
poscis.”—*Ovid.*

“Son, ask no bad gift, doubt not paternal care;
Be wise; while time permits, correct thy prayer.
This I deplore, evil you strive to gain
Instead of good; the boon you seek is pain.”

Such language would have been much more useful to the labouring classes, than the address you have made to them in your pamphlet.

It must be allowed, too, that there is a good deal of truth in what follows:—

‘It is well known that in such company, he who talks loudest, with greatest volubility and assurance, generally gathers most partisans, whether he is right or not. Neither is it a fact that truth is always elicited in debate or controversy. The disputants commonly lose sight of truth altogether, and mixing up their own feelings and passions with the subject, rush into those extremes towards which strong impulses always verge. This is sometimes the case with well-educated men. The evil will be increased in the half-instructed philosophical societies, to be erected among day-labourers and mechanics. And however fair it may seem to you that they should discuss points of faith, or the measures of government in such societies, yet experience is decisively against the hope that truth will commonly be victorious there. The discussions are to arise out of the books introduced, and these will not always be of the most moral or religious tendency. I have not seen a sentence more pregnant with evil than the following, which I copy from your pamphlet, and which, though referring to politics, may, by a natural inference, be supposed to include religion also. “The abuses of government may be expounded in the same manner; and if any man or set of men regard all innovation upon the principles of government, as pernicious, he may propagate his doctrines through the like channels. Cheap works being furnished, the choice of them may be left to the readers.” The choice left to the readers! So you would introduce your friend, ignorant of the nature of drugs, into a chemist’s shop, and suffer him to drink a strong dose of poison, because he may, perchance, find an antidote under the same roof!

‘Further; whatever good fruits others may expect to gather from the present scheme, I do not hesitate to affirm, that it appears probable, that the institutions will in time degenerate into Jacobin clubs, and become nurseries of disaffection. The bond of union, the unrestrained discussion, the reception of publications which treat of the supposed abuses and errors of government, afford great facilities for this end. Indeed, from the very nature of the subjects to be brought under the notice of the members of mechanical institutions, there is every reason to believe that this will soon be the object sought after. You observe, sir, in your pamphlet, “Why may not every topic of politics, party as well as general, be treated of? The abuses which at this time have crept into the practice of the constitution, the errors committed in its administration, and the improvements which a change of circumstances require even in its principles, may fitly be expounded (and I suppose you mean debated, also,) in the same manner.” These, I presume, were the subjects debated and discussed in all the radical societies; the common topics on which Mr. Hunt, Dr.

Watson, and the Black Dwarf displayed their oratory. The only difference which I can discern between the radical societies and mechanics' institutions, if this is the learning in which you will train up your pupils, is, that the former were open to all, while the latter will, I suppose, admit only members. The more secret, the more ominous. Good and virtuous men will grow disgusted, and leave the meetings; the bad and disaffected will augment their numbers. And, on a supposition that an institute of this description be formed in each town of consequence in the island, and that, by means of lecturers, they maintain a connection with each other, and acknowledge a tacit obedience to the institute in London, the magnitude of such a powerful evil cannot at present be fully conceived.

We are of opinion that such institutions ought not to be encouraged, without considerable caution; and would advise all who advocate the unrestricted education of the people, to weigh well the consequences which may ensue from it.

Shakspeare's Romances. Collected and arranged by SHAKSPEARE II. Two vols. 12mo. pp. 415. London, 1826. Sherwood and Co.

It has always been considered a very presumptuous undertaking to attempt to alter or improve Shakspeare, yet here is a gentleman who not only does that, but even assumes the name of the immortal bard himself—Shakspeare II. No, no, this must not be, the world has had, can have, but one Shakspeare, and we, therefore, at once strip the lion's skin from the catiff who has assumed it, and call him openly the doer of Shakspeare's Romances, but the undoer of Shakspeare's plays.

In a somewhat affected preface or proem, the compiler tells us that Shakspeare's plays, though 'uncommonly fine for acting, are rather uninteresting to read, because the scenes want connecting with narrative.' Now to us, the great superiority of Shakspeare over all dramatists, appears to consist, among other things, in the completeness of his narratives as well as in the truth to nature of his characters: as for reading, why there is no a single play of the great dramatist that it is uninteresting to peruse, though many of them would not be effective on the stage.

The object of the compiler is, however, to convert the plays of Shakspeare into novels, by introducing descriptions of the manners, customs, and scenery of the kingdoms and ages in which the plot of each drama is laid. He does not think that the task of novelizing the plays of Shakspeare should rest on one person,—on account of the mannerism, but that it ought to be a joint undertaking of all the authors of the age. We suspect, however, that few authors will have the daring of the gentleman who throws out the suggestion, and that he will have the undivided honour and responsibility of exhibiting our old friend Shakspeare with a new face.

Our compiler has commenced operations on the play of Henry IV. or rather the first

part of it only; for the romance terminates with the battle and death of Hotspur; if the compiler had extended his romance to the second part of this play, he would have given it more originality, interest, and completeness.

In converting the play into a romance, the compiler has, we confess, displayed some ingenuity, quoting largely from the original dialogue, and connecting it with some descriptions of the scenery, &c.; and could we forget the original, and take up the work as a new romance, there is no doubt that we should be delighted with it, notwithstanding the affected style in which much of it is written, and the uninteresting digressions in which the writer indulges; some of his similes, too, are common place. With these remarks we shall make one or two extracts; the first is a good portrait of Poins:—

'Poins was one of those individuals, who, in a half-worn out suit of fashionable clothes, and without any apparent means of livelihood, loitered about inns and places of public amusement. According to his own account, the worst that could be said of him was, that he was "a second brother, and a proper fellow of his hands; two things which he could not help." He had a mother and sister living in a mansion near Westminster Hall. They were letters of lodgings to gentlemen and others, who came on business to Westminster during the sitting of parliament. To his mother's house, when no better resource offered, Ned Poins retired for his bed and meals. He was one of those idle, useless, "ne'er-do-well" mortals of society, of whom, in the present day, it may, perhaps, with truth be said, there is one appertaining to almost every family: men who fix themselves on any relation that will give them meat, drink, washing, and lodging, and who manage to acquire clothes and pocket money by writing pestering importuning letters to kinsmen, lineal and collateral, for the loan of small sums. He had first recommended himself as an acquaintance to Falstaff, by his *bon-vivant* remarks on good sack, and by his assiduous attention in interesting himself with the keepers of the various hostleries at which the knight was accustomed to spend his evenings, to procure for him the best flavoured sack. Moreover, with a deal of practical wit and tricks of legerdemain, Poins was an entertaining companion; for he colloquially knew every body and every thing stirring on the stage of the world. Being both a good listener and drinker, he so duped Falstaff, by paying flattering deference to him, and applauding his witticisms, that the old epicure had even been so unwontedly generous as to "waste his substance" in nightly entertaining him. Through Falstaff, Poins came at length to be acquainted with the prince; and, no sooner had Edward Poins, by artful address,—“for never a man's thoughts in the world kept the road-way better than his,”—wheedled himself into the good graces of the heir apparent, than he began to assume an air of insolent arrogance towards Falstaff, continually making him the butt of his ridicule—continually tormenting, with mischievous and contemptuous tricks,

the man—the ladder by which he mounted to his present height of good fortune. Poor Falstaff, who had at first lauded Poins to the prince as a discreet wit, a wearer of his hose very smooth like unto the sign of the leg, a swearer with a good grace, an able player at quoits, a drinker off of candle ends for flap-dragons, a jumper on joint stools, etc., etc,—had now, as was natural, taken as great a dislike as he had formerly a fondness for him; and, and styling him "a baboon, whose wit was as thick as Tewkesbury mustard," Sir John took every cunning method his brain could invent, to bring the prince and Poins to a quarrel and final separation.'

The next is a description of East Cheap and the Boar Tavern:—

'In the neighbourhood of Tower Hill was Eastcheap, a region of taverns and cooks' shops, famous for its convivial doings. On either side, every here and there, were open shops, tenanted by round, red-visaged, bouncing blowzabellas, weighing each three hundred and fifty pounds avoirdupois. "Hot joints from three till four, and soup, tarts, puddings, and pies, at all hours," needed no lettered sign, where scarcely one hungry fellow of all the frequenters of Eastcheap could read even his a, b, c. For an advertisement of the dainties, what could be superior to the delicious savour steaming aloft,

"—like the sweet south
Upon a bank—a bank of violets, giving
And taking odour?"

But independent of this olfactory annuncial, there were oral advertisers, notifying in splendid phrases, the place where really the most sumptuous viands were vending. A perpetual din bruited the street, at all hours, from cooks crying "hot ribs of beef roasted," "pies well baked," etc.; while, to mingle with the jolting of brewers' drays and the rumbling of empty barrels, issued into the street, from taverns and lodging houses, Bacchanalian songs, drunken gabble, wit, and wassail, chorused by the clattering of pewter pots and parcel gilt goblets, as also, "harpe, pipe, sawtrie, and dancing feet." It may well be supposed, that where feasting and carousing were going on, thither would flock musicians with their spirit stirring music, and there would assemble ladies of pleasure the "houries of this paradise," spreading forth their fascinating charms in voluptuous allurements to dazzle and delight the eyes and senses of merry roysters.

'Amongst other taverns of fame and repute was the Old Boar's Head. It was built of brick rimmed with stone edgings, and consisting of three stories above ground, and one under the level of the street serving for kitchens, taprooms, and cellar.

'In each story were two large rooms in front, and in the back, two small rooms and a space occupied by the staircase. Moreover, the front view of the building was garnished with a boar's head carved in relief in stone, supplying the sign of the renowned old tavern. The lower windows had red lattices, as was the custom in ale-houses. Stables there were none; neither was there any yard to the tavern, inasmuch as the

space in the rear of the house bearing that name, was in breadth but thirty-five inches, which, according to Cocker's arithmetic, is an inch short of a yard. Water was not, in these days, conveyed to Eastcheap by leaden pipes, but brought in water-carts, which, ringing a bell as each rolled along the stony street, presented the scene of dirty drab trollops running out of the houses with bucket in hand to purchase the crystal stream from the spigot.

The Boar's Head tavern had been for many years kept by the monied man, Tim Quickly, the fat cooper, who might have taken measure for his hoops by his own stomach. Only one of the actions performed in his long life has outlived old Timothy. This was no other than that Tim, when first he commenced the publican business, was much puzzled to satisfy himself as to the quantum bushels of malt required to brew a hogshead of good ale. One Sunday, during divine service, Tim, musing on brewing until he fell asleep, happened to awake just as the clergyman gave out the text, "Hebrews x. and 12." To the consternation of the congregation, the fat publican, rubbing his eyes and pursuing his brewing meditations, ejaculated, "He brews ten and twelve? The devil he does!" When old Tim died and lay buried in the adjacent sepulchral grounds of Saint Michael's church, his widow, Dame Quickly, who in early life kept a little peddling shop, swept her own room, twirled her own mop, washed her own smocks,

"— caught her own fleas,
And rose to rank and fortune by degrees." became the rich widow of the Boar's Head.

This is certainly not very delicate, and is somewhat profane; our compiler, however, is not very particular in these matters, and so saying, we take our leave of the Romance of Henry IV.

Celebrated Trials and Remarkable Cases of Criminal Jurisprudence, from the Earliest Records to the Year 1825. 6 vols. 8vo. pp. 3556. London, 1825. Knight and Lacey.

CRIME and misfortune are most attractive subjects to the million, however the one may be abhorred, or the other dreaded; and the individual who would pass over the eloquence of the senate, the ingenuity of a law pleading, and the religious zeal of a divine, will dwell on an Old Bailey or a police report; hence has arisen the unvaried avidity with which, in all ages, since trials and printing were known, the annals of crime and misery have become popular. The partiality for the annals of crime may perhaps be ascribed rather to an amiable than an unamiable source. Trials are adventures of real life, with often so much of romance in them, as to give them all the charms of fiction; and then who is so stern as not to feel for the unfortunate; the murderer, perhaps, has little sympathy, and yet there are sometimes extenuating circumstances; and even, if not, we may regret the darkness of the crime, if we cannot pity the author of it: another reason for trials exciting an interest is, that whatever may be the character of the criminal, there is

associated with his name that of a victim, whose sufferings or whose fate cannot fail of exciting some emotions of pity. These are, perhaps, some of the principal causes, (and there are others of a judicial or political character,) which make the proceedings of our courts of law looked to and read with interest.

The avidity of the public for food of this sort has not been unnoticed nor ungratified: in France, the *Causés Célèbres* form an elaborate work, and, in England, we have our State Trials, forming some dozen folio volumes; to say nothing of various collections of criminal trials, and the ordinary Newgate Calendar, which form a record of almost unmitigated crime and atrocity.

The work before us, though by no means what it might have been, is of a more diversified and general character than any we have yet seen; it also aims at something like chasteness of style and selection. Trials for crim. con., except that of the Duke of Cumberland, are omitted; as are all actions for a breach of promise of marriage, though they appear to be reserved for a distinct publication, should the success of the work before us justify the experiment. Whether this may be the case we will not pretend to say, for, although the collection is generally good and deeply interesting, yet it is by no means complete; this will be evident, when we state that, although it professes to give all important trials, from that of Thomas Earl of Lancaster, for treason, in 1322, to that of Henry Fauntleroy, for forgery, in 1824, yet by a singular blunder, the trial of Colonel Despard and his associates, for treason, in 1803, in England, and that of Madame Manson, in France, in 1818, are wholly omitted. When a mistake like this occurs, it is almost fair to presume that it is not the only one; but, not anxious to seek for errors in a work that really possesses considerable merit and great interest, we only point out the omissions which at once strike us as most prominent.

To many of our readers these trials must in a great degree be well known, there are, however, features in some of them, that will, we think, excuse our dwelling on the six volumes, which, as the editor observes, present, in most of the trials, a libel on human nature, either in the criminal at the bar, or on the bench; the instances of the latter are happily, however, not of modern occurrence, and it would not be too much to say, that in no country and at no period in our history was the fountain of justice more pure than at the present day in England. A late lord chief justice, though he will ever rank as an eminent judge, was suspected of too strong a bias to the crown in political trials; happily, we have no trials of this nature now, but if we had, we are sure the worthy knight who succeeded him would, in the language of the court, 'well and truly try and true deliverance make between the king and the prisoner at the bar.'

The first volume is principally confined to state trials, but among these we find a horrible outrage on all law, justice, and humanity, in the trial of Urban Grandier, who was con-

demned for a magician, and for bewitching the nuns at Loudun, a town of Poitou, in France; the great crime of Grandier was his being an eloquent preacher, and an opponent to fraternities, which excited the enmity of the priesthood, and they sought—nay, plotted his ruin. The evidence on which he was condemned was that of pretended demons, with which it was said his victims were possessed, and even the farce of examining them was entered upon, and their fabled depositions adduced as proof of guilt. Subornation of perjury and perjury were never perhaps more barefaced or more wickedly employed than in the case of poor Grandier, who was condemned 'to make the *amende honorable* bare headed, a rope about his neck, and a burning torch in his hand of two pounds weight; and upon his knees to ask pardon of God, the king, and the justice of this land; and this done, to be led to the public place of Holy Cross, there to be bound to a stake upon a wooden pile, prepared for the effect, and there to be burned alive.'

A more atrocious sentence, considering the gross, perjured, absurd, and even impossible evidence on which a verdict was founded was never pronounced; the heartless and blood-thirsty ruffians of the most intolerant of sects—the Catholic church, however, had it carried into effect, with unmitigated severity: nay, it was even aggravated by the wanton and odious cruelty of M. de Laubardemont, the master of requests, who ordered the innocent victim to the torture, both ordinary and extraordinary, at Loudun, where it was practised more cruelly than perhaps in any other part of France:—

'The patient's legs are put between two boards, which are straight bound with ropes; between the boards and the legs, wedges are driven in by a hammer; four of these wedges make the ordinary torture, and eight the extraordinary torture. Laubardemont found fault with the wedges as being too small, and threatened to punish the executioner unless he brought others, so that he was forced to swear he had none larger. Meanwhile the recollects exorcised the boards, the wedges, the hammer, and all the apparatus of the rack. But sure they had more reason to exorcise the devil of false zeal and bigotted cruelty, with which they themselves were possessed, when not thinking the executioner did his duty, they took the hammer to torture Grandier to some purpose. He swooned away several times in their hands, but they brought him to himself by redoubling his torments. It was thought time to give over driving the eight wedges, when the patient's legs were shattered, and the marrow seen forcing its way through the bones. Grandier underwent this punishment with great fortitude; and rose so far superior to the sharpest bodily pains, as not to suffer one repining word against his enemies to escape him. He was so much master of himself during the torture, as to utter a very fervent prayer to God in proper expressions, which the lieutenant of the provost wrote down; but Laubardemont would not allow it to be published.

'Amidst these torments he really appeared

more than man, and found springs of invincible constancy within himself. This unbroken fortitude, accompanied with such lively sentiments of religion, spoke him innocent of the crime whereof he was accused, with the most convincing eloquence. He was laid sprawling on the ground. There, in the paroxysms of his agony, when revived, he declared publicly that he was no magician; owned that he had been too much addicted to carnal pleasures, and that he had composed the book against the celibacy of priests, in order to remove the scruples of a young lady whom he had kept seven years. He prayed his judges that they would not oblige him to name the lady, nor to particularize his sins of that kind, whereof he hoped he had obtained forgiveness through prayer and contrition of soul. He protested that he had never had any intimacy with Elizabeth Blanchard; that the first time he saw her was at her being confronted with him. Then he fell into a swoon, out of which having recovered him by putting a little wine into his mouth, they carried him into the council-chamber, and planted him by the fire, upon a couch of straw. He desired for his confessor, first an Augustine monk, then Father Grillau, a cordelier; but both were denied him, after repeated solicitations. This severity, which extends even to the soul of a criminal, by depriving him of the means of his salvation, is a refinement upon the cruelty of the most inhuman tyrants. He was put into the hands of Claudius and Tranquillus, two capuchins, who were appointed him for confessors; but he chose rather to confess to God only, than to unbosom himself to those fathers whom he reckoned his implacable enemies. A strict charge was given to his keepers to allow him to speak with no person. During the whole three or four hours he remained in the council-chamber, he was seen by none but the clerk, his confessors, and Laubardemont, who was with him for upwards of two hours, in vain soliciting him to sign a certain paper. 'Tis conjectured, not without reason, that that gentleman, foreseeing the public would judge his judgment, endeavoured to extort his apology from the prisoner.

'About four or five in the evening, the executioner had him carried from the chamber upon a hand-barrow. He declared to the lieutenant-criminal of Orleans, that he had disburdened his conscience, and had nothing more to say. "Do you not desire," said the judge to him, "that I should order prayers to be offered to God for you?"—"Do I desire it!" replied he, with an emphatic tone, "yea, and earnestly beg it too as a singular favour." He bore in his hand a lighted torch, which he kissed as he went out of the court; without suffering his eyes to rove, he cast a modest glance upon those who presented themselves to him. Constancy, accompanied with great self-denial, and a certain unaffected air of piety, which hypocrisy cannot counterfeit, shone in his aspect. When he was without the court, they read over his sentence to him a second time; then he was put into a cart to be carried before the church of St. Peter, where Laubardemont, who went

along with him, made him come down to put himself upon his knees; but having entirely lost the use of his legs, he fell with a violent shock to the ground upon his belly, waiting with great calmness till they raised him up, without uttering one word of discontent. Then the sentence was read to him a third time; and he performed the *arrende honorable*, entreating the prayers of those who were about him. Upon this, Father Grillau, whom he would have had for his confessor, came up to him, and spoke thus: "Remember, dear sir, that Jesus Christ ascended to heaven, and was made perfect, through sufferings: you have great parts, improve them to the salvation of your soul. Your mother sends you her best blessings. We all implore for you the divine mercy; and are confident that it will open to you the gates of heaven." At these words, Grandier was quite revived, and felt himself a new man. Joy sparkled in his eyes, and he thanked the father with a serene and smiling aspect; conjuring him to supply the place of a son to his mother, to pray to God for him, and recommend him to the prayers of his brethren: he assured him that he had the comfort to die innocent of the crime for which he was condemned; that he had grounds to hope that his death would be received as an atonement for his sins, and usher him into the joys of eternity. This affecting conversation was interrupted by the provost-marshal's guards, who pushed Father Grillau with violence into the church. Grandier was next conducted before the church of holy cross, where he renewed his former penance; and from thence he was led to the market-place, which was appointed for the scene of his execution. Happening by the way to cast his eyes upon le Frene, Moussaut, and his wife, who were of the number of his enemies, he told them he died their servant, and prayed them to forgive him. When he was arrived, he turned towards the monks who accompanied him, and prayed them to give him the kiss of peace, which accordingly they did. The minister of justice asked his forgiveness. Upon which Grandier said to him: "Sir, you have given me no offence in discharging the duty of your office." René Bernier, curate of the town of Trois-Moutiers, who was reckoned among his enemies, likewise begged him pardon; and asked him if he did not forgive all who had injured him, even those who had deposed against him, and if he was not desirous that he should pray to God for him, and say a mass for the repose of his soul. Grandier replied, that "He forgave his enemies, as he hoped that God would forgive him; and that he should be obliged to him for offering up prayers and sacrifices to God on his behalf."

'The executioner set him upon a hoop of iron, which was fastened to a stake, making him turn his back to the church of holy-cross.

'The market-place was so crowded with people, that those whose business it was to attend the execution, had not room to range themselves, curiosity having drawn persons from all the provinces of the kingdom to this dismal spectacle.

'A flying insect, like a wasp, was observ-

ed to buzz about Grandier's head; which gave a monk occasion to say it was Beelzebub hovering around him, to carry away his soul to hell; grounding upon what he had heard say, that Beelzebub signified, in Hebrew, the god of flies.

'The monks exorcised the air and the wood, and interrogated the patient, if he would not make a full confession? he answered, with the same softness, that he had nothing more to confess, and that he hoped that very day to enjoy his God. Then the clerk read his sentence for the fourth time, and asked him if he persisted in what he had said upon the rack? He answered, he did persist; and that he had delivered all the truth, and nothing but the truth. Upon which one of the monks said to the clerk, he made him speak too much; as if he had been impatient to see the last of his punishment. Grandier depended upon two promises, which the provost-deputy had given him; the first was, that he should be allowed some time to speak to the people; the second, that he should be strangled before the fire was kindled.

'The exorcists determined to hinder the effect of these promises. He no sooner offered to speak, than they threw a great quantity of holy water in his face, which stifled his words: when he began to open his mouth a second time, one of them was ready to come up and kiss him, in order to stop his mouth. He saw through the thin artifice, and said to him: "This, sir, is a Judas-kiss." This comparison kindled the fury of the monks, who thereupon smote him several times with an iron crucifix, under pretence of making him kiss it.

'In order to keep him from being strangled before the pile was lighted, they made several knots upon the rope. When the executioner was going to set fire to the pile, Grandier cried out, "Is this the promise that was given me?" With these words, he lifted up the rope himself, and was going to put it about his neck, when Father Lactantius took a wisp of lighted straw, and held to Grandier's face, saying: "Miscreant, wilt thou not confess, and renounce the devil? it is full time, you have but a moment longer to live."—"I have no communication with the devil," answered Grandier, "I renounce him and all his works, and implore the divine mercy." Whereupon, without waiting the provost-deputy's order, that furious bigot openly performed the office of executioner under the patient's eye, setting fire himself to the pile. Grandier, without being moved with this barbarity, said to him in the calmest manner: "Ah! Father Lactantius, what is charity become? this sure is not the promise I received. But there is a God who will be judge of you and me; I summons you to appear at his tribunal within a month." Then addressing himself to God, he pronounced these words, which were his last: "*Deus meus, ad te vigilo; miserere mei, Deus.*"—To thee, O God, I lift my soul; O God, have mercy upon me. Then the exorcists began again to throw upon his face all the holy water they had in their pots; while the people called to the executioner to stran-

gle him; but that was not in his power, the rope being full of knots, and the flame soon rising to the head, thus Grandier was burnt quite alive.

'As to this unhappy man, it must be owned, that however he was innocent of magic, which seems pretty evident, yet he was guilty of dishonouring the sacredness of his character by flagrant debauchery. The criminal intercourse he kept up for seven years with a young lady, for whose sake he composed the treatise against the celibacy of priests, is a proof of his libertinism. We must not give into the rash judgment of those who, because they are persuaded that a man is innocent of one crime whereof he was unjustly accused, acquit him of others whereof he had been actually guilty.

'Nevertheless, the sentence of the judges ceases not to be most iniquitous, because it was not for his libertinism he was impeached. As to his treatise on celibacy, he never owned the use that he had made of it, till he was upon the rack, that is, till he was already condemned. Besides, his single confession was not sufficient to found his condemnation upon; he ought to have been indicted at the instance of the young lady whom he seduced.

'With respect to the other charges of this nature, he had been acquitted from them by the presidial of Poitiers and the Archbishop of Bourdeaux; and, in order to null their sentence, the attorney-general of the commission ought to have appealed from them, which we do not find he did. It is, therefore, still certain, that Grandier was condemned unjustly, and that the judges espoused the quarrel of a cabal madly bent upon his ruin.

'Grandier's death did not silence the devils of Loudun, the gambols were continued in several scenes exhibited to the public. Father Lactantius died the 18th of September, precisely a month after Grandier's death, as he had foretold. This event was, in the general opinion, deemed a strong confirmation of Grandier's innocence.'

In our review of Mr. Cradock's interesting Octogenarian Memoirs we quoted an account of Captain Hackman, who shot Miss Reay, a young lady, who, at the time, lived under the protection of Lord Sandwich, where Hackman first saw her. A correspondence took place between him and Miss Reay, which continued for several years, displaying great warmth of mutual affection, with much coquettish dalliance on the part of the lady. This correspondence was some years ago collected and published by Dr. Herbert Croft, in a volume, called, very appropriately, *Love and Madness*, which has become scarce; it is, however, reprinted in the *Remarkable Trials*, and forms an interesting portion of these volumes. One or two of these letters we shall quote; the first is from the lady, in answer to a proposal that she should leave the earl:—

'H[inchinbrooke], 10th Dec. 75.

'To Mr. H———

'Your two letters of the day before yesterday, and what you said to me yesterday in my dressing-room, have drove me mad.

To offer to sell out, and take the other step to get money for us both, was not kind. You know how such tenderness distracts me. As to marrying me, that you should not do upon any account. Shall the man I value be pointed at and hooted for selling himself to a lord, for a commission, or some such thing, to marry his cast mistress? My soul is above my situation. Besides, I will not take advantage, Mr. H., of what may be only perhaps (excuse me) a youthful passion. After a more intimate acquaintance with me of a week or ten days, your opinion of me might very much change. And yet—you may love me as sincerely as I—

'But I will transcribe you a verse which I don't believe you ever heard me sing, though it's my favourite. It is said to be part of an old Scots ballad—nor is it generally known that Lady A. L. wrote it. Since we have understood each other, I have never sung it before you, because it is so descriptive of our situation—how much more so since your cruelly-kind proposal of yesterday! I wept, like an infant, over it this morning.

'I gang like a ghost, and I do not care to spin, I fain would think on Jamie, but that would be a sin,

I must e'en do my best a good wife to be,
For auld Robin Gray has been kind to me.

'My poor eyes will only suffer me to add, for God's sake, let me see my Jamie to-morrow. Your name also is Jamie.'

The ballad above alluded to was written by Lady Anne Lindsay. In a letter from Hackman, he thus rather happily alludes to their birth-days being nearly on the same day.

'Your poets, cunning rogues, pretend
That men are made of clay;
And that the heavenly potters make
Some five or six a day.

'No wonder, M. I and you
Don't quite detest each other;
Or that my soul is linked to your's,
As if it were it's brother:

'For in one year we both were made,
Nay almost in one day—
So, ten to one, we both came from
One common heap of clay.

'What? if I were not cast in near
So fine a mould as you—
My heart (or rather, M. your's)
Is tender, fond, and true.

In another letter he relates a curious anecdote of the celebrated Nan Catley:—

'Some difference had arisen between Miss Catley and the managers, concerning the terms upon which she was to be engaged for the season. One of the managers called upon her, at her little lodgings in Drury Lane, to settle it. The maid was going to show the gentleman up stairs, and to call her mistress. "No, no," cries the actress, who was in the kitchen, and heard the manager's voice, "there is no occasion to show the gentleman to a room. I am busy below [to the manager], making apple-dumplings for my brats. You know whether you have a mind to give me the money I ask, or not. I am none of your fine ladies, who get a cold or the tooth-ach, and can't sing. If you have a

mind to give me the money, say so; my mouth shall not open for a farthing less. So, good morning to you—and don't keep the girl there in the passage; for I want her to put the dumplings in the pot, while I nurse the child."—The turnips of Fabricius, and Andrew Marvel's cold leg of mutton, are worthy to be served up on the same day with Nan Catley's apple-dumplings.'

The letters that passed between Hackman and Miss Reay often turned on gloomy subjects, and suicide was one of them; he also in a letter gives a very feeling account of the execution of Dr. Dodd, accompanied by the following remarks:—

'Thus ended the life of Dr. Dodd. How shocking, that a man with whom I have eaten and drunk, should leave the world in such a manner! A manner which, from familiarity, has almost ceased to shock us, except when our attention is called to a Perreau or a Dodd. How many men, how many women, how many young, and, as they fancy, tender females, with all their sensibilities about them, hear the sounds, by which at this moment I am disturbed, with as much indifference as they hear muffins and matches cried along the streets! The last dying speech and confession, birth, parentage, and education—Familiarity has even annexed a kind of humour to the cry. We forget that it always announces the death (and what a death!) of one fellow being; sometimes of half a dozen, or even more.

'A lady talks with greater concern of catle-day than of hanging-day. And her maid contemplates the mournful engraving at the top of a dying speech, with more indifference than she regards the honest tar hugging his sweetheart at the top of "Black-eyed Susan." All that strikes us is the ridiculous tone in which the halfpenny ballad-singer chants the requiem. We little recollect that, while we are smothering at the voice of the charmer, wives or husbands (charms she never so wisely), children, parents, or friends, perhaps all these and more than these, as pure from crime as we, and purer still, perhaps, are weeping over the crime and punishment of the darling and support of their lives. Still less do we at this moment (for the printer always gets the start of the hangman, and many a man has bought his own dying-speech on his return to Newgate by virtue of a reprieve)—still less do we ask ourselves, whether the wretch, who, at the moment we hear this (which ought to strike us as an) awful sound, finds the halter of death about his neck, and now takes the longing farewell, and now hears the horses whipped and encouraged to draw from under him for ever, the cart which he now, now, now feels depart from his lingering feet—whether this wretch really deserved to die more than we. Alas! were no spectators to attend executions but those who deserve to live, Tyburn would be honoured with much thinner congregations.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

SIR WALTER SCOTT ON THE CURRENCY.

(Continued from p. 131.)

THE second letter of Sir Walter Scott on the subject of the currency, under the name of

Malachi Malagrowther, though displaying equal genius, is not quite so argumentative as the first. The writer commences by stating, that his entering on the task was a painful duty, but that he felt it to be one: he then proceeds:—

‘Swift says, that kingdoms may be subject to poverty and lowness of heart as well as individuals; that in such moments they become reckless of their own interests, and contract habits of submission, which encourage those who wish to take advantage of them to prefer the most unreasonable pretensions. It was when Esau came from the harvest, faint and at point to die, that Jacob proposed to him his exorbitant bargain of the mess of pottage. There is a deep and typical mystery under the scriptural transaction; but, taken as a simple fact, the sottish facility of the circumvented heir rather aggravates the unfeeling selfishness of the artful brother, to whom he was made a dupe. The “whoreson apoplexy” of Scotland may be rather a case of repletion than exhaustion, but it has the same dispiriting effects.

‘Yet into whatsoever deep and passive slumber our native country may have been lulled from habits of peaceful acquiescence, the government have now found a way to awaken her. The knife has gone to the very quick, and the comatose patient is roused to most acute possession of his feelings and his intellect. The heather is on fire far and wide; and every man, woman, and child in the country is bound, by the duty they owe to their native land, to spread the alarm and increase the blaze.’

Who would think that the alarming evil described as threatening Scotland consists in nothing more than changing a paper into a metallic currency, or giving real value for a worthless representative, — worthless we say, except as a promissory note, dependent on the credit and honesty of the parties issuing it; and yet Sir Walter Scott calls on all the electors from Dumfries to Dingwall, to remonstrate with ministers on the meditated measure, and even to threaten them that unless their representatives act as they the electors wish, ministers are not likely to have the implicit homage of the said representatives in the next parliament. Now to any person knowing the constitution of the Scottish boroughs, this threat is a mere *brutum fulmen*; as Sir Walter Scott well knows that Scotch electors almost universally vote according to the dictation of their patron. It is, therefore, idle for the writer to talk of the influence of Scottish representation, or to illustrate it as he does, by an ill-told anecdote of Sir James Lowther, who had nine members called “ninepins” in Parliament, answering all remonstrances of ministers, by an appeal to numbers, and saying, ‘we are nine,’ not seven, as our author states. The Scotch members may say ‘we are five and forty,’ and yet this threat would not, we trust, deter our honest administration, (for such whatever may be its errors, it is,) from pursuing those measures they deem to the interest not merely of Scotland, but of the united empire at large. The author says:—

‘I would advise, that to all such intima-

tions as are usually circulated, bearing “that your presence is earnestly requested on such an evening of the debate, as such or such a public measure is coming on,” the concise answer should be returned, “We are five-and-forty;” and that no Scottish member do on such occasions attend—unless it be those who feel themselves conscientiously at liberty to vote against government on the division. Is this expecting too much from our countrymen, on whom we have devolved so absolutely the charge of our rights, the duty of stating our wrongs? We exclaim to them, in the language of the eloquent Lord Belhaven—“Should not the memory of our noble predecessors’ valour and constancy rouse up our drooping spirits? Are our noble predecessors’ souls got so far into the English cabbage-stock and cauliflower, that we should show the least inclination that way? Are our eyes so blinded—Are our ears so deafened—Are our hearts so hardened—Are our tongues so faltered—Are our hands so fettered, that, in this our day—I say, my countrymen, in this our day, we should not mind the things that concern the well-being, nay, the very being, of our ancient kingdom, before the day be hid from our eyes?” If there is, among that chosen band, a mean-spirited Scotsman, who prefers the orders of the minister to the unanimous voice of his country, imploring the protection of her children, let England keep him to herself. Such a man is deaf even to the voice of self-interest, as well as of patriotism. He cannot be a Scottish proprietor—he hazards his own rents; he cannot be a Scotchman employed in commerce—he undermines his own trade; he cannot be a professional person—he sacrifices the law of his country; he cannot be a Scottish man in spirit—he betrays the honour of Scotland. Let him go out from among us—he is not of us. Let him, I say, remain in England, and we wish her joy of such a denizen. Let him have his title and his pension—for the cur deserves his collar and his bone. But do not let him come back to Scotland, where his presence will be as unwelcome to us, as our reception may be ungratifying to him.’

The idea that to extend to Scotland a measure fixed on England is a proof that we have some grudge against the former, is ridiculous, and so every person who considers how highly favoured Scotland is, on the score of taxation, and other things, must think.

The writer, after urging the Scotch representatives and peers, to stand forward and resist this legislative measure, which seems to be considered as an avalanche, appeals to the Irish, telling them that their fate will next be sealed. Our author next takes a comprehensive view of the Scottish banking system, which we acknowledge to be excellent, but are far from thinking it likely to be ruined by the proposed measure: among other arguments in favour of the Scotch banks—their utility, as deposits for the earnings of poor men is alleged, and we are triumphantly asked—‘What is a poor man to do with his £20 or £30, if bankers can no longer afford him some interest for the use

of it? Why the answer is easy enough: let him deposit it in the saving banks, which will afford better interest, and certainly as good a security as any banking establishment whatever. Arguing against a metallic currency, our friend Malachi says,—

‘The branches of those obnoxious establishments, the Scottish banks, maintained at convenient and central points in the north of Scotland, furnish all the remote and numerous stations where the fisheries are carried on, with small notes and silver for payment of the actual fishers’ labour, and in payment accept the bills of the fish-curers upon the consignees. This they do on the principle of a moderate profit, on which principle alone private industry and enterprise and capital can be made conducive to the public good. The small notes thus circulated in the most distant parts of Scotland, return indeed, in process of time, to the banks which issued them; but the course of their return is so slow and circuitous, that the interest accruing on them during their absence, amply reimburses the capitalist for the trouble and risk which attend the supply. But let any man who knows the country, or will otherwise endeavour to conceive its poverty and sterility, imagine if he can, the difficulties, expense, and hazard, at which gold must be forced to points where it would never have voluntarily circulated, and from whence, unless detained in some miser’s hoard, (a practice which the currency in specie, and disuse of interest on deposits, is likely to revive,) it will return to London with the celerity of a carrier-pigeon.

‘The manufacture of kelp, which is carried on to an immense extent through all the shores and isles of the Highlands, supporting thousands of men with their families, who must otherwise emigrate or starve, and forming the principal revenue of many Highland proprietors, is exactly on the same footing with the fisheries, carried on by the same medium of circulation, and, like them, supplied by the bankers, with a circulating medium, at a reasonable profit to themselves, and with the utmost advantage to the country and its productive resources.

‘Destroy the existing conduit, and let me again inquire, what forcing-pump, what new-invented patent pressure, were it devised by Bramah himself, is to compel specie into these inaccessible deserts? The difficulty of conveying the supplies is augmented by the risk of carrying wealth unguarded through the regions of poverty. I know my countrymen are indifferent honest, as Hamlet says; yet I would not advise the genius of the specie system to travel through Scotland, moral as the country is, after the fashion of the fair pilgrim, “rich and rare,” in Moore’s beautiful melody, just by way of trying the honesty of the inhabitants. Take my word for it, the absence of temptation is no valueless guardian of virtue. If convoys of gold must be sent through lonely mountains, I venture to say, that smugglers will turn into robbers, and that our romance-writers need not turn back to ancient times for characters like John Gun or Rob Roy Macgregor.’

The writer accuses England of a desire of

engrossing the exclusive management of Scottish affairs, and of a wish to lower the people of that country, and among other grievances we find the following:—

'Till of late, there was always an admiral on this station; but since the gallant Sir John Beresford struck his flag, that mark of distinction seems to have been laid aside probably for ever. Our army establishment is dwindled to a shadow scarcely worthy of being placed under the command of the distinguished officer who now holds it, although he only commands the forces, instead of being, as was universally the case till of late years, a commander-in-chief, with a lieutenant-general, and two major-generals, under him. I need hardly say, that I would wish this abatement of our dignity, in some measure at least, amended, not by the removal, but by the promotion of the gallant general.'

What will John Cam Hobhouse, the knight for Westminster, say to this; he complains that ministers keep up a standing army for unconstitutional purposes, and in this silly and idle clamour some persons join him; while, on the other hand, Sir Walter Scott makes it a crime in ministers that they do not keep up a standing army in Scotland! Another charge against England is, that when public money is granted for works in Scotland, such as the Caledonian Canal and building churches in the Highlands, English commissioners have the management of it; and the author then somewhat injudiciously talks of the Scottish revenue of four millions, and says he should like to know how much of it is dedicated to Scottish purposes. We answer a great deal—a hundred times as much as England gets, in proportion to the revenue she pays. Four millions indeed! why that is but the thirteenth—scarcely the thirteenth part of the revenue of Great Britain, and the other twelve parts—aye, forty-nine millions are paid by much abused and heavily taxed England. The fact is, that our ministers have been much too delicate towards Scotland, which has been exempted from many taxes and imposts, that fall heavy on England. Four millions of revenue! We really wonder Sir Walter did not keep this chandlery contribution out of sight altogether, instead of making it a matter of boasting, but we must let the writer speak for himself, though we can scarcely abstain from smiling at the very serious manner in which he treats his subject, and the horror he seems to have of English ascendancy. He says:—

'We shall, in due time, I suppose, be put all under English control, deprived even of the few native dignitaries and office-holders we have left, and accommodated with a set of English superintendants in every department. It will be upon the very reasoning of Goneril before alluded to:—

"What need you five-and-twenty, ten, or five, To follow in a house where twice so many Have a command to tend you?"—

Patrick, will you play Regan, and echo,—

"—What need *one*?"

Take care, my good fellow! for you will scarce get a great share in our spoils, and

will be shortly incapacitated, and put under a statute of lunacy as well as ourselves.

'But what will England take by this engrossing spirit? Not the miserable candle-ends and cheese-parings—these, I dare say, she scorns. The mere pleasure, then, of absolute authority—the gratification of humour exacted by a peevish and petted child, who will not be contented till he has the toy in his own hand, though he break it the next moment. Is any real power derived by centring the immediate and direct control of every thing in London? Far from it. On the contrary, that great metropolis is already a head too bulky for the empire, and, should it take a vertigo, the limbs would be unable to support it. The misfortune of France, during the Revolution, in all its phases, was that no part of the kingdom could think for itself or act for itself; all were from habit necessitated to look up to Paris. Whoever was uppermost there, and the worst party is apt to prevail in a corrupted metropolis, were, without possibility of effectual contradiction, the uncontrolled and despotic rulers of France—*absit omen*!

'Again, will the British empire become stronger, were it possible to annul and dissolve all the distinctions and peculiarities, which, flowing out of circumstances, historical events, and difference of customs and climates, make its relative parts still, in some respects, three separate nations, though intimately incorporated into one empire? Every rope-maker knows, sir, that three distinct *strands* as they are called, incorporated and twisted together, will make a cable ten times stronger than the same quantity of hemp, however artificially combined into a single twist of cord. The reason is obvious to the meanest capacity. If one of the strands happen to fail a little, there is a threefold chance that no imperfection occurs in the others at the same place, so that the infirm strand may give way a little, yet the whole cord remain trust-worthy. If the single twist fail at any point, all is over. For God's sake, sir, let us remain as Nature made us, Englishmen, Irishmen, and Scotchmen, with something like the impress of our several countries upon each! We would not become better subjects, or more valuable members of the common empire, if we all resembled each other like so many smooth shillings. Let us love and cherish each other's virtues—bear with each other's failings—be tender to each other's prejudices—be scrupulously regardful of each other's rights. The degree of national diversity between different countries, is but an instance of that general variety which Nature seems to have adopted as a principle through all her works, as anxious, apparently, to avoid, as modern statesmen to enforce, any thing like an approach to absolute "uniformity."

'It may be said that some of the grievances I have complained of are mere trifles. I grant they are,—excepting in the feelings and intentions towards Scotland which they indicate. But, according to Bacon's maxim, you will see how the wind sits by flinging up a feather, which you cannot discern by throwing up a stone. Affronts are almost

always more offensive than injuries, although they seldom are in themselves more than trifles. The omitting to discharge a gun or two in a salute, the raising or striking of a banner or sail, have been the source of bloody wars. England lost America about a few miserable chests of tea—she endangered India for the clipping of a mustachio.

'But let us humble ourself to our situation, and confine our remonstrances to the immediate grievance, which surely cannot be termed punctilious or unimportant.

'To England we say, therefore—as you mean that a value should be set upon your free public voice by your legislators, allow the natural influence of that of Scotland, in a matter exclusively relating to her own affairs, but so intimately connected with her welfare, that nothing since the year 1748 has occurred of such importance. The precedent is a bad one at any rate; the consequences will be much worse.

'Prevent—resist it. Let it not be so, Lest children's children call against you *now*.'

'Our Scottish nobles and gentlemen, I cannot better exhort to resist the proposal at every stage, by the most continued and unremitting opposition—to be discouraged by nothing—to hope to the last—to combat to the last—than by using once more the words of the patriotic Belhaven,—“Man's extremity is God's opportunity. It is a present help in time of need; a deliverer, and that right early. Some unforeseen providence will fall out, that may cast the balance. Some Joseph will say, why do you strive together when you are brethren? Some Judah or other will say, let not our hand be upon him, he is our brother. Let us up, then, and be doing, and let our noble patriots behave themselves like men, and we know not how soon a blessing may come.”'

Here endeth the second epistle of Malachi Malagrowther; but, as we do not expect it to be his last, we may, perhaps, have another opportunity of returning to the subject. There is now little doubt of the letters being written by Sir Walter Scott, which gives them a value they otherwise would not possess, excellent as they are. The earnestness of the author reminds us of Swift's *Drapier's Letters*, and there is an analogy in the circumstances under which both were written: indeed, we have no doubt that the author of *Waverley* had Swift in his eye when he commenced these letters.

THE LIFE OF LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY. (Concluded from p. 135.)

LORD HERBERT seems to have been a perfect knight-errant for the ladies, challenging all who gave them offence, even in the way of taking a riband from one of them; duels, however, did not always follow, for the challenged, more prudent, or less courageous, often avoided the meeting, or perhaps got it interrupted. We have already alluded to Lord Herbert passing a summer in France, and residing at the Duke of Montmorency's, at his 'fair house, in Chantilly, which, for its extraordinary fairness and situation,' he thus describes:—

'A little river descending from some higher

grounds, in a country which was almost all his own, and falling at last upon a rock in the middle of a valley, which, to keep its way forwards, it must on one or other side thereof have declined. Some of the ancestors of the Montmorencies, to ease the river of this labour, made divers channels through this rock, to give it a free passage, dividing the rock by that means into little islands, upon which he built a great strong castle, joined together with bridges, and sumptuously furnished with hangings of silver and gold, rare pictures and statues; all which buildings united, as I formerly told, were encompassed about with water, which was paved with stone, (those which were used in the building of the house were drawn from thence) One might see the huge carps, pike, and trouts, which were kept in several divisions, gliding along the waters very easily; yet nothing in my opinion added so much to the glory of this castle, as a forest adjoining close to it, and upon a level with the house; for being of a very large extent, and set thick both with tall trees and underwood, the whole forest, which was replenished with wild boar, stag, and roe-deer, was cut out into long walks every way, so that, although the dogs might follow their chase through the thickets, the huntsmen might ride along the said walks, and meet or overtake their game in some one of them, they being cut with that art, that they led to all the parts in the said forest; and here also I have hunted the wild boar divers times, both then and afterwards, when his son, the Duke of Montmorency, succeeded him in the possession of that incomparable place.

'And there I cannot but remember the direction the old constable gave me to return to his castle out of this admirable labyrinth; telling me, I should look upon what side the trees were roughest and hardest, which being found, I might be confident that part stood northward, which being observed, I might easily find the east, as being on the right hand, and so guide my way home.

'How much this house, together with the forest, hath been valued by great princes, may appear by two little narratives I shall here insert. Charles V., the great emperor, passing in the time of Fransoy I., from Spain into the Low Countries, by the way of France, was entertained for some time in this house by a duke of Montmorency, who was likewise constable de France, after he had taken this palace into his consideration, with the forests adjoining, said he would willingly give one of his provinces in the Low Countries for such a place, there being, as he thought, no where such a situation.

'Henry IV. also was desirous of this house, and offered to exchange any of his houses, with much more lands than his estate thereabouts was worth; to which the Duke of Montmorency made this wary answer:—*Sieur, la maison est à vous, mais que je sois le concierge*; which, in English, sounds thus: sir, the house is your's, but give me leave to keep it for you.'

On his return to England, via Dieppe, with Sir Thomas Lucy, whose second he had twice been in France, the ship encountered a

violent storm, and they were all night at sea, the master of the ship lost both his compass and his reason; however, they reached Dover in safety. In England he passed his time partly in his studies and partly 'riding the great horse.' He says, however,—

'No horse yet was so dear to me as the genet I brought from France, whose love I had so gotten, that he would suffer none else to ride him, nor indeed any man to come near him, when I was upon him, as being in his nature a most furious horse. His true picture may be seen in the chapel chamber in my house, where I am painted riding him, and this motto by me,—

*'Me totum bonitas bonum suprema
Reddas; me intrepidum dabo vel ipse.'*

'This horse, as soon as ever I came to the stable, would neigh, and when I drew near him would lick my hand and (when I suffered him) my cheek, but yet would permit nobody to come near his heels at the same time. Sir Thomas Lucy would have given me £200 for this horse, which, though I would not accept, yet I left the horse with him when I went to the Low Countries, who not long after died.'

The Duke of Savoy resolving to send four thousand men of the reformed religion into Languedoc, Lord Herbert was appointed to conduct them: and he was accompanied by Count Scarnafigi; in journeying, they met with the following adventure:—

'The Count Scarnafigi and I, now setting forth, rid post all day without eating or drinking by the way, the count telling me still we should come to a good inn at night. It was now twilight, when the count and I came near a solitary inn on the top of a mountain; the hostess, hearing the noise of horses, came out, with a child new-born on her left arm, and a rush candle in her hand: she presently knowing the Count de Scarnafigi, told him, ah, signor, you are come in a very ill time; the duke's soldiers have been here to-day, and have left me nothing. I looked sadly upon the count, when he, coming near to me, whispered me in the ear, and said, it may be she thinks we will use her as the soldiers have done: go you into the house, and see whether you can find any thing; I will go round about the house, and perhaps I shall meet with some duck, hen, or chicken. Entering thus into the house, I found for all other furniture of it, the end of an old form, upon which sitting down, the hostess came towards me with a rush candle, and said, I protest, before God, that is true which I told the count, here is nothing to eat; but you are a gentleman, methinks it is pity you should want; if you please, I will give you some milk out of my breasts, into a wooden dish I have here. This unexpected kindness made that impression on me, that I remember I was never so tenderly sensible of any thing. My answer was, God forbid I should take away the milk from the child I see in thy arms; howbeit, I shall take it all my life for the greatest piece of charity that ever I heard of; and therewithal giving her a pistole, or a piece of gold of 14s., Scarnafigi and I got on horseback again, and rid another post, and came to an inn where we

found very coarse cheer, yet hunger made us relish it.'

At another inn, when his lordship was travelling alone; he says,—

'The host's daughter being not within, I told her father and mother that I desired only to see their daughter, as having heard her spoken of in England with so much advantage, that divers told me they thought her the handsomest creature that ever they saw. They answered, she was gone to a marriage, and should be presently sent for; wishing me, in the mean while, to take some rest upon a bed, for they saw I needed it. Waking now about two hours afterwards, I found her sitting by me, attending when I would open mine eyes. I shall touch a little of her description: her hair being of a shining black, was naturally curled in that order that a curious woman would have dressed it; for one curl rising by degrees above another, and every bout tied with a small riband of a nacarine, or the colour that the knights of the bath wear, gave a very graceful mixture, while it was bound up in this manner from the point of her shoulder to the crown of her head; her eyes, which were round and black, seemed to be models of her whole beauty, and in some sort of her air, while a kind of light or flame came from them, not unlike that which the riband which tied up her hair exhibited; I do not remember ever to have seen a prettier mouth, or whiter teeth: briefly, all her outward parts seemed to become each other; neither was there any thing that could be disliked, unless one should say her complexion was too brown, which yet, from the shadow, was heightened with a good blood in her cheeks. Her gown was a green Turkey program, cut all into panes or slashes, from the shoulder and sleeves unto the foot, and tied up at the distance of about a hand's-breadth every where with the same riband with which her hair was bound; so that her attire seemed as bizarre as her person. I am too long in describing an host's daughter, howbeit I thought I might better speak of her than of divers other beauties held to be the best and fairest of the time, whom I have often seen. In conclusion, after about an hour's stay, I departed thence, without offering so much as the least incivility; and, indeed, after so much weariness, it was enough that her sight alone did somewhat refresh me.'

These may seem trivial incidents, but they are illustrative of the character of Lord Herbert; brave in the field, amiable in private life, skilful in negotiation, and honourable in every thing; it is no wonder that, wherever he went, he became an universal favourite. Of his firmness and courage we have a good instance, when he was sent from England to mediate a peace between Henry IV. and his Protestant subjects; Lord Herbert was referred by the king to Monsieur de Luines:—

'Repairing thus to him, I did find outwardly good reception, though yet I did not know how cunningly he proceeded to betray and frustrate my endeavours for those of the religion; for, hiding a gentleman called Monsieur Arnaud behind the hanging in

his chamber, who was then of the religion, but had promised a revolt to the king's side, this gentleman, as he himself confessed afterwards to the Earl of Carlisle, had in charge to relate unto those of the religion, how little help they might expect from me, when he should tell them the answers which Monsieur de Luines made me. Sitting thus in a chair before Monsieur de Luines, he demanded the effect of my business? I answered, that the king my master commanded me to mediate a peace betwixt his majesty and his subjects of the religion, and that I desired to do it in all those fair and equal terms which might stand with the honour of France and the good intelligence betwixt the two kingdoms: to which he returned this rude answer only; what hath the king your master to do with our actions? Why doth he meddle with our affairs? My reply was, that the king my master ought not to give an account of the reason which induced him hereunto, and for me it was enough to obey him; howbeit, if he did ask me in more gentle terms, I should do the best I could to give him satisfaction; to which, though he answered no more than the word *bien*, or well, I, pursuing my instruction, said, that the king my master, according to the mutual stipulation betwixt Henry IV. and himself, that the survivor of either of them should procure the tranquillity and peace of the other's estate, had sent this message; and that he had not only testified this his pious inclination heretofore in the late civil wars of France, but was desirous on this occasion also to show how much he stood affected to the good of the kingdom; besides, he hoped that when peace was established here, that the French king might be the more easily disposed to assist the Palatine, who was an ancient friend and ally of the French crown. His reply to this was, "We will have none of your advice;" whereupon I said, that I took those words for an answer, and was sorry only that they did not understand sufficiently the question and good will of the king my master; and since they rejected it upon those terms, I had in charge to tell him, that we knew very well what we had to do. Luines, seeming offended herewith, said, *nous ne vous craignons pas*, or, we are not afraid of you: I replied hereupon, that if you had said you had not loved us, I should have believed you, but should have returned you another answer; in the mean while that I had no more to say than what I told him formerly, which was, that we knew what he had to do. This, though somewhat less than was in my instructions, so angered him, that in much passion he said, *Par Dieu, si vous n'êtes Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, je vous traitterois d'un autre sorte*; By God, if you were not Monsieur Ambassador, I would use you after another fashion. My answer was, that as I was an ambassador, so I was also a gentleman; and therewithal laying my hand upon the hilt of my sword, told him, there was that which should make him an answer, and so arose from my chair; to which Monsieur de Luines made no reply, but arising likewise from his chair, offered civilly to accompany me to the door; but I telling him there was

no occasion for him to use ceremony after so rude an entertainment, I departed from him. From thence returning to my lodging, I spent three or four days afterwards in seeing the manner of the French discipline, in making approaches to towns; at what time I remember, that going in my coach within reach of cannon, those in the town imagining me to be an enemy, made many shots against me, which so affrighted my coachman, that he durst drive no farther; whereupon alighting, I bid him put the horses out of danger; and notwithstanding many more shots made against me, went on foot to the trenches, where one Seaton, a Scotchman, conducting me, showed me their works, in which I found little differing from the Low Country manner.

We shall not make any further extracts, but merely observe, that we have rarely met with a more interesting piece of autobiography, or one on which more implicit reliance can be placed than the Life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury.

Dufief's Nature Displayed, in her Mode of Teaching Languages to Man; being a new and infallible Method of acquiring Languages with unparalleled Rapidity. Deduced from the Analysis of the Human Mind, and consequently suited to every Capacity. Adapted to the Spanish by DON MARIANO VELASQUEZ DE LA CADENA; L. HARGOUS, Professor of Universal Grammar; & DON MANUEL DE TORRES, Late Minister Plenipotentiary from the Republic of Colombia to the United States. To which is prefixed a Development of the Author's Plan of Tuition. 2 vols. pp. 1098. London, 1826. Adlard.

MR. DUFIEF'S system of education has now been before the public many years, and has been sanctioned and adopted not only in the three branches of the United Kingdom, but in America and in India. It has also received the homage of being imitated and encroached upon by other teachers, who have not had the candour to acknowledge the fountain at which they drank. Of Mr. Dufief's plan we gave an account some years ago, in noticing his *Nature Displayed* in her mode of teaching French; it consists in teaching principally by the ear, and is so effective, that the author states that a very attentive learner, who can devote two hours a day for private study for thirty-six days, will be able perfectly to understand a well bred Frenchman.

The volumes before us are an application of Mr. Dufief's system to the teaching of Spanish—a language which is every day acquiring new importance; and the knowledge of which, is becoming more necessary from our intercourse with the states of South America. The work, besides containing a full development of the system of Mr. Dufief, contains a copious vocabulary, dialogues, grammar, narratives, poems, &c. in short, every thing necessary to gaining a perfect knowledge of the Spanish language; it is, therefore, at once an elementary treatise, and a library of Spanish literature.

ON THE PROGRESS OF THE MECHANICAL ARTS IN RUSSIA BEFORE THE ERA OF PETER THE GREAT.

The ancient state of Russia is known to most readers only through Voltaire's *Histories* of Charles XII. and Peter the Great; but the idea which must be formed of the state of industry and the mechanical arts in that country, previous to the reign of Peter, may be easily conjectured from the statement of the French author, who tells us, that at that period the Russians did not possess even a pin-manufactory; without hinting at the fact that the country was in a very flourishing condition previous to the Tartar invasion, and again during the reign of Czar Alexi Michaelowitch, when, perhaps, it was inferior to few European nations of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; from which it fell in consequence of the protracted internal troubles and civil wars in which that ill-fated country was plunged, by the struggles between the crown and the nobility. Voltaire, whether through ignorance or from a disingenuous desire to suppress what he knew, has represented the Russians, previous to Peter, as a nation of barbarians, unacquainted with, and averse to all, the arts of civilization. The object of the present essay is to rectify those erroneous opinions by furnishing a concise historical sketch of the introduction and progress of the mechanical arts in Russia before the reign of which so interesting an account has been given by Voltaire; and we have no doubt that we shall thereby oblige those readers at least who have no other object in the perusal of history than the search of truth. The facts here recorded have been collected by a Russian writer of eminence, who constantly quotes his authorities, which, although for the most part native, are not, on that account, less unimpeachable.

There is every probability that industry began among the modern European nations as soon as they had settled in the countries they now inhabit, and the narrower limits of their territorial possessions compelled them to have recourse to tillage for part, at least, of their sustenance; and there seems no ground to conclude that the nations of the Slavonic or Sarmatian race were, in this respect, differently situated from those of Teutonic origin—nay, there is a positive testimony in the Arabic, Byzantine, and Norman writers of the eighth, ninth, and tenth centuries, that Slavonic traders brought tanned hides and linen for sale to the mouths of the Dnieper and Volga, and the shores of the Baltic; and, if we may trust the ancient native annalist, not only leather, but even hammered swords were manufactured in Russia as early as the reign of Wolodomir, A. D. 988.

It was from the Byzantine Greeks that the Russians received their religion, at the same time with a taste for commerce and the arts of civilization. The provinces near the Dnieper and Wolochow were the first to receive the impulse to both pursuits; yet as early as the tenth century we find mention made of stone buildings in the northern districts, and, in the eleventh, of splendid churches at Kiev and Novogorod, the walls of which are said to have been adorned with paintings. Unfor-

tunately, however, these bright beginnings were darkened and checked, first, by an oppressive system of vassalage, and subsequently by the invasions of the Tartars.

But, even during this calamitous period, commerce and the arts were not entirely extinct; and we find that, in the thirteenth century, Russian merchants frequented Tauris with cotton goods, which they exchanged for salt, and that, during the reign of Simeon the Proud, (*i. e.* the beginning of the fourteenth century), Russian artists at Moscow were employed in painting the churches and casting bells: such instances, however, were rare; but in proportion as the Tartar yoke was lightened, industry revived. Under Demitrij Donskij the connections with western Europe were renewed, and carried on with greater facility than before, since silver and copper coin had been introduced by the Tartars, and now formed the circulating medium, instead of skins, which were previously used for that purpose.

In the beginning of the fifteenth century, a Servian monk, named Lazarus, constructed at Moscow the first clock ever made in the country, and which seems to have excited great astonishment. There were, at the same time, some very clever brass-founders in the Russian metropolis, one of whom received from the city of Pskow a present of forty-six roubles, for having taught one of its inhabitants to cast sheets of lead to cover one of their churches. Rubleff, Simeon the black, and Daniel, were then esteemed great painters. At that period, and till the time of John III. the arts were only employed in ornamenting places of worship. The manufactures of that period consisted in the making of leather, soap, potash, hemp, and train-oil, caviar, salt, linen, and coarse woollen cloth. It was also about this period that the art of distilling was introduced into the country.

The reign of John III. at length produced a new era for Russia. By his expulsion of the Tartars and his marriage with the daughter of the Greek emperor, he became known to and respected by foreign nations; and crowds of alien artisans settled in a country where honour and wealth promised to crown the efforts of their industry. Aristotle, from Bologna, built temples, cast cannon, and manufactured gunpowder; and the Venetians, Friasin and Aloys, adorned the metropolis with numerous splendid buildings. Iron, silver, and copper were dug and wrought.

John the Terrible was still more anxious for the improvement of his country: he requested the Emperor Charles V. and afterwards Ferdinand I. to send him scholars and artists; and, although these requests were not complied with, many men of talent emigrated to Russia, and augmented the national wealth and industry. The trade carried on with the English at Archangel was peculiarly conducive to the prosperity of the country; the English physicians, Standish and Jacob, greatly improved the medical knowledge of the native practitioners, and it is probable that James Frencham was the first who established a chemist's shop in Russia, and taught the natives to collect herbs, &c. Mining

and the working of metals were also greatly extended and improved by the English, who enjoyed particular privileges in this respect.

Feodor withdrew some of the privileges granted to the English, and opened the ports of the White Sea to other nations; still, however, the influence of the English on the improvement of the country continued to be extensive. Under the reign of this czar, the Italian Marco Cenoppi established silk and velvet manufactories in the country; frontiers were appointed to prevent the introduction of the plague, the ravages of which, under the preceding reigns, had contributed in a great measure to check the industry of the country; and the first book on medicine was published in the year 1583, which, although only a translation from the Polish, was a harbinger of improvement in the civilization of Russia.

Under the usurper Godunow, Russia suffered many misfortunes, but still commerce and the arts seem not to have retrograded; which is particularly proved by the erection of various public edifices at Moscow, and the casting of the great bell in the year 1601, which weighed 12,000 poods. This monarch died too soon to bestow any lasting benefit on his country; and the civil and foreign wars which ensued after his death, (and in which Moscow was burned by the Poles, and the ancient and flourishing city of Novogorod sacked by the Swedes,) again plunged the nation almost into the same state into which they had fallen at the period when they threw off the yoke of the Mongols.

Under these circumstances Michael ascended the throne. Whatever a monarch could do to restore and animate fallen industry amongst his subjects, was accomplished by this great monarch. He united different trades into companies, bestowed privileges on natives and foreigners, and even sent commissioners to Germany for the purpose of engaging miners; in short we may date from his reign the establishment of manufactories in the empire. He also established mints for the coinage of money, and instituted medical colleges for the examination of young practitioners, and for prescribing rules for the treatment of diseases.

But Alexi performed more than all his predecessors. Michael, having to fulfil the difficult office of healing the wounds under which the country had been so long suffering, could not apply himself entirely to new establishments. But Alexi, having beaten the Poles, and being at peace with the Swedes, the improvement of the nation was his only care, and by his exertion the arts, manufactures, and trades, were carried to an extent of perfection unprecedented in Russia.

Silk goods had formerly been an article of transit trade only—the Russian merchants purchasing them at Moscow or Astrachan, and selling them afterwards to the English and Dutch; but, under this reign, silks and velvets were manufactured in great perfection at Moscow.

Various efforts were made by the czar to improve the country wool by the introduc-

tion of foreign sheep, but with little or no effect; and a broad-cloth manufactory, established by an enterprising merchant, also failed, owing to the predilection of the Russians at that time to the wear of camlets, which they purchased from the Greeks and Dutch.

On the other hand, manufactories of linen, plain, dyed, and printed, flourished at Yaroslavl, Valdai, Kargopol, and on the banks of the Dwina and Volga, and, consequently, at the same places where we find them now; and an arshin of linen was bought at Moscow, at from two to six copecks. It was, however, coarse, except that produced at one manufactory established for the use of the imperial family.

The manufacture of leather had been brought to great perfection. Potash was made in Siberia; tar in the government of Archangel; excellent soap in Kostroma; and the melting of tallow was an extensive branch of industry. Salt was prepared in great quantities in the south of Russia, and window-glass and bottles began to be manufactured with success in the vicinity of the capital.

Muskets and other small arms were made near several of the mines; but particularly in the smiths' village near Toola, at the mouth of the Toolitsa, all the inhabitants of which were iron-workers and enjoyed great privileges. There were four iron mines in the vicinity of Moscow, near which—besides muskets, bar and sheet-iron—swords, and even guns were manufactured. Steel was made in different establishments, but was of an inferior quality; for which reason great quantities of this article were annually imported from Sweden. Cannon, mortars, and bells, (some of the latter of a very large size), were cast at Moscow and elsewhere; and a German, of the name of Flacken, at the Moscow manufactory, obtained great celebrity even in foreign parts; there were also forged iron-guns of very excellent quality, although too expensive for general use.

Three copper-mines were at work at that period; and there were several powder-mills near Moscow, as well as two paper-manufactories—the paper, however, was coarse, owing to a want of fine rags. There was one printing establishment, consisting of eight presses, at Moscow, where Bibles, the works of the fathers, and Alexi's code were printed; another printing-office was at Kiev. The capital had two apothecary's shops, one in the Kremlin, and another in the city, the former of which, in particular, was kept in excellent condition. To furnish them with the necessary herbs, three botanical gardens were kept up about the city, and some of the boyards had to furnish such as could not be grown there, in lieu of tribute.

This reign was also distinguished for the establishment of regular conveyances of letters and newspapers between Moscow and Vilna, and between that city and Riga; and of quarantine officers on those parts of the frontiers which were most exposed to epidemical diseases.

It is true, that most of the trades and manufactories alluded to were conducted or

carried on by foreigners; but the Russians, themselves, also took a great share in them: and the monarchs showed, at least, that they were as anxious about the improvement of their nation as Peter. The difference was, that, prevented by circumstances, or less ardent and determined than this monarch, they proceeded less arbitrarily and rapidly; and it would, perhaps, have been happier for the Russian nation, had it been allowed to develop its powers from within, and not been forcibly hurried to a premature civilization.

ORIGINAL.

GOOD JUDGES.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—All candid persons admit that the judges who are selected to dispense the English laws are men, generally speaking, fully qualified for the important and responsible duty, and although our history records a Jeffries, and a few others of a kindred nature, yet I by no means think so many good and wise and learned judges that have adorned the bench, are inculcated. The properties required by the ancients, in the Mosaic law, in their judges, were wisdom, understanding, integrity, courage, the fear of God, love of truth, hating of covetousness, and having no respect of persons. Whence the Thebans painted Justice *without hands and without eyes*, to intimate that judges should receive *no gifts*, nor be influenced by *sight of persons*. According to the Sanhedrin, other properties were necessary, that judges should be free from all blemish of body; that they should be skilled in seventy languages, to the intent that they might not need an interpreter in the hearing of causes; that they should not be stricken in years; that they should be fathers of children, which they thought was a special motive to mercy; that they should be skilled in magic, without the knowledge of which, they were not able to judge magicians.—In the present day, all the skill in magic, I believe, is vested in the ability of 'his worship, at a police office, who is pretty clever in sifting the tricks of the shufflers of cards, in palmistry, and of the dealers and duffers in the 'black art.' Had the judges the deciding many of these singular cases, I think they would really require the magical qualification spoken of by the Jews. The inauguration of the judges was twofold; at first by the imposition of hands upon the heads of the party, after the example of Moses laying hands on Joshua: this imposition of hands was not held lawful, except it were in the presence of five, or three judges at the least. Afterwards, this sentence was said:—'Lo, thou art associated, and power is given thee to judge of penalties.' Hence the saying of Galatinus—'Institutio Judicum, aut manu fiebat, aut nomine tantum.' It is, therefore, evident that, to be a judge, in that day, a man must have been endued with singular and extraordinary powers.

That there might be a sufficient supply of able men to succeed in the room of the judges dying, there sate three benches of others beneath, who were called 'scholars of the wise men'; out of these they made their election,

and two of these always accompanied the condemned person to the place of execution, a duty obligatory upon the sheriffs of Middlesex, in the city of London, at the present day. Many sensible men, out of and in the profession of the law, think that judges should not sit upon the bench, in the decline of life.* The duties are arduous. Age is not competent to their performance. The mind should have other occupation. Rest and retirement are essential. There is no paucity of younger and experienced men. As with judges, in this respect, so with bishops. The question arises out of this consideration, whether further national patronage and reward would not be necessary? This must be answered by our legislators, not by p.

DISCOVERIES IN AFRICA.

(From the Sierra Leone Gazette.)

Hrs Majesty's ship Brazen, Capt. Willes, has just sailed for the Bights of Benin and Biafra. Captains Clapperton and Pearce, with Messrs. Morrison and Dickson, who came out in the Brazen, went down in her, and will be landed at such part of the coast as circumstances may render most advisable. Their object will then be to reach Soccatoo, where Capt. Clapperton resided some time last year, when in the interior with Major Denham. We had much conversation with him, and were much gratified with his statements. They confirm, (what we are sure will be more apparent the more we become acquainted with the country,) that the centre of Africa is far advanced in civilization: that the further the Negro is removed from the baneful effects of the slave-trade—the contamination of the coast—the more he is raised in the scale of humanity, the more intelligent, honest, and industrious does he become. We understand, that on reaching Soccatoo, some of the party will remain, to form more intimate relations with that extraordinary sovereign, Sultan Bello, and endeavour to establish a safe and permanent communication between Soccatoo and the coast; whilst others will visit the Niger, trace its course, and follow it to the sea; with such other excursions, for the benefit of science and the extension of knowledge, as circumstances may admit.

We were favoured with a view of a map, containing the late discoveries of Major Denham and Capt. Clapperton, from which it seems nearly certain, that the Niger, or Jolibab, passing within a short distance of Soccatoo, flows into the Bight of Benin, and, we have no doubt, forms Lagos and the rivers round it. If so, what an important opening is made into the interior of Africa! With the exception of the rapids of Yaouree, a steam-vessel may traverse this immense continent, from the Bight of Benin to the Foulah country—a water-communication scarcely equalled in any other part of the world.

We were much gratified with Capt. Clapperton's account of the extent and neatness of the fences and plantations in the interior, especially of cotton and indigo, and the care with which they are kept clear of weeds. We

* Thus the Roman adage—'Sexagenarius de ponte.'

were also struck with the circumstance, that all the gold carried to Timbuctoo and Soccatoo is brought from the west and south-west,—a strong corroboration of what is always stated by our travelling merchants, that the most productive gold mines of Western or Interior Africa are not far from us. We wish these adventurous travellers every success; but we cannot help fearing the Portuguese interest in the Bights will be too powerful for them. It is the policy of that government to keep every thing connected with its colonial establishments a profound secret. The world knows nothing of any of them. To this national jealousy is to be added, in the present case, the fear of the authorities on this coast, that our success may be their loss, and especially that it may interfere with their illicit slave-trade. If the Lagos be the Niger, they must know it; and if so, we fear they will not, if they can prevent it, allow our enterprising countrymen to unravel a secret they have so long kept.

THE RAMBLES OF ASMODEUS.

NO. XXIV.

In my last rambles, Mr. Editor, I collected and laid before your readers 'a full and particular account' of every remarkable event that had occurred in the year 1825, and if I did not 'waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole,' I hope I sent something of more value to traverse that space. It is now, methinks, as my friend Ned Irving says, time that I should turn to the year 1826, before too much of it slips through my fingers, and yet, in despite of king's speeches and ministerial boastings, it has commenced so inauspiciously, that it is really an ungracious office—but what man or d—I dare I dare. Examination, like charity, should begin at home; the poet, Young, felt this when he said, 'Man, know thyself; all wisdom centers there.' In transferring the first part of this proposition from myself to England, I do not mean to adopt the assumption in the second part, and say, 'all wisdom centres there,' because, in the course of this discursive ramble, which will embrace every thing interesting in the terraqueous globe, I shall have been very unsuccessful if I have not found something to admire elsewhere.

To speak truly, then, this country is, as Pierre, in Venice Preserved, would say, (though I don't like swearing,) 'in a d—d bad condition,' or, to speak in more elegant terms, our ministers are in a quandary; they refused to pass a law, twelve months ago, to prevent the excess of gambling speculations, and they now turn round, and not only attribute every calamity that has since occurred to those speculations, but take merit to themselves in having denounced an evil they refused to redress. The consequence is, that the commerce and public credit of the country is shaken to its centre, and our best chance of recovering is in the ignorance of the neighbouring nations how to take advantage of our misfortunes. General Distress, the most odious and most fatal *general* that ever entered a field, sweeps the country, unopposed, uncontrolled. Confidence is at an end, and mercantile acceptances are often not worth the

price of the stamps on which they are drawn; no profession thrives but that of a lawyer or an attorney; no manufacture, but that of parchment, and no trade but that of a pawnbroker. The silk-weavers are unemployed, and it will be long before we shall say to our female friends, in the language of the old Scottish song, 'And ye shall walk in silk attire;' the cotton-manufacturers are all *worsted*, and *hemp*, I fear, will be in more demand than flax; bankers have become bankrupt, and brokers *broken*; booksellers are now book-keepers; unemployed printing-offices are but *types* of the general calamity, and composers have enough to do to *compose* their families.

All this, bad as it is, 'I could bear, and find room in my heart for a drop of comfort,' could ministers, opposition, and party-men, or men of no party, point out the path of deliverance: alas! they cannot, and while both houses of Parliament ought to be employed on this subject, and this alone, their time is idled away in silly discussions on questions about which no human being cares a rush—the agitators of them excepted. I have spoken of this country generally; I must, however, observe, that in Scotland sixty thousand weavers are unemployed, and that in Ireland the only thing that thrives is Catholic association eloquence.

In France, we find the king proposing to revive the law of primogeniture, which gives to chance what it refuses to merit; and thus one child inherits a large estate, and leaves a brother, born not more than five minutes after him, to perish, rob, or bury himself a hypocrite among the clergy. The Bourbons are a senseless set—a worn-out race, and the only mark of sense they display is in being conscious of it; a proof of this has just occurred in a warfare Charles X. has waged war against the busts of Napoleon: this hero, it would appear, 'though dead, yet speaketh' to the affrighted souls of the Bourbons.

Switzerland still has hirelings for Spain, Naples, or the devil, but *Point d'argent, point de Suisse*. Italy burns for deliverance from Austria, but there are more stilettos than patriots in that country.

With regard to Austria, there is a Hun'gry people, who will be appeased, and they assert, that having a *constitution*, it shall be satisfied. The Emperor of Austria, not liking the *Diet* of Presburg, returns to Vienna, to bake his own bread, and wait the progress of events, while his Prime-minister Metternich is studying how he may overreach his old diplomatic antagonist Nesselrode, and make Prussia subservient to his views.

The King of Prussia (the royal promise breaker) passes his time quietly with his new 'bride and no wife,' or rather 'wife and no queen—the lady who shares his bed, but not his throne.' In Bavaria, the new king is setting an example which makes European princes tremble, he is retrenching his expenditure, reducing his army, and abolishing useless offices. This prince has found but one imitator, the reigning Prince of Saxe Coburg, (brother to Prince Leopold), who, after allowing his repudiated wife four and three-

pence per week from his *crown*, puts the other ninepence into a saving bank. In Hanover the Duke of Cambridge has discovered, that the only misery is the low price of grain, 'blest age! but ah, how different from our own.' Sweden, Denmark, and Norway, remain, as a commercial broker would say, 'as per last.' But we had almost forgotten Spain, and no wonder, when that once fine and powerful country is almost blotted out of the map of Europe. Ferdinand, dolt and beast as he is, has, after all, made one discovery—that of carrying on government without money or credit; the fellow, to my certain knowledge, has not been able to give two sixpences for a shilling for the last eighteen months, and yet carries on his government; he is cheered by his subjects, keeps the constitutionalists under his feet, and dreams of foreign conquests!

In Portugal honest John, though certainly not the wisest prince in Christendom, assimilates himself somewhat more to the manners of other sovereigns than his brother-in-law of Spain; but John, honest man, has a termagant intriguing wife, the sister of Ferdinand, whom he cannot keep in subjection without a British seventy-four in the Tagus, to *blow her up*, we presume, if she acts wrong. John's son, Miguel, wished to set up for himself, in opposition to his father, but he has been sent on his travels to learn better manners.

I now come to the most important scene of my present ramble—Russia, where Alexander I. lately died in his bed, a natural death, as it is called in most countries, though in Russia it is almost unnatural, and is so unusual that it is not believed by one half of Europe. The death of Alexander was followed by a bit of an insurrection. It is known, that the next heir to the throne was Constantine, but he like Esau sold his birth-right, though not for a mess of porridge, but for a woman—a Polish princess, whom he married contrary to the wishes of Alexander, and his mother who rules the roast in Russia. On the death of Alexander, the Grand Duke Nicholas, either ignorant of Constantine's *forced* renunciation, or afraid to act on it, proclaimed his brother emperor, took the oath of allegiance to him, and made all Russia do the same; but a few days afterwards he managed, by intrigue, to give his brother the go-by, and get himself proclaimed emperor, on the alleged ground that Constantine refused to accept the honours he wished to thrust upon him. Now, although the line of succession in Russia has always run in a zig-zag direction, yet the people did not like their allegiance to be transferred from prince to prince, as the serfs are from proprietor to proprietor, and some of the troops refused to take the oath of allegiance to Nicholas, on which this prince, the father of his people, peppered them, for about four hours, with grape shot, by which a matter of three or four thousand of the refractory were killed, or *Nicked*, as in compliment to this exploit of the new emperor, killing a man is now called in Russia.

But you will say there is nothing very remarkable in this; nothing certainly, but that there was also a bit of a conspiracy connected

with this insurrection, which had a greater object than that of exchanging one prince for another—a conspiracy to reform the government, though not, as Nicholas says, to murder the imperial family,—though some of the names of the conspirators were sufficiently alarming, for there was a Count Cut-us-off, a Captain Pop-us-off, a Lieutenant Nicholas-off—which I need not say means off with Nicholas, a Colonel Rozomonsky, and a Major Bow-wow-wow, these, with a due portion of other individuals whose names all end in off, ow, or sky, thought the moment the troops were called on to take the oath of allegiance to Nicholas, a good time to kick up a row, and they told the poor soldiers to cry out, 'Constantine and *Constitution*.' The latter was a word the Russian soldiers had never heard, and they asked their leaders what it meant, on which they were told that it was the name of Constantine's wife, and this they firmly believed at the time they strained their hoarse throats, and bawled out 'Constantine and *Constitutchi*,' for this was the nearest approach they could make to the word.

Instances of a similar ignorance is not uncommon among reformers; during the days of radicalism in England, many of them believed the term 'provisional government' was a government to find them in victuals; and, in the year 1822, when some patriots, with warm and honest hearts but weak heads, attempted to overturn the despotism of the Neapolitan government, and establish the Spanish constitution, a single copy of which could not be found, the Lazzaroni of Naples cried, *Viva la Costituzione, viva la Costituzione, viva la Costituzione*, and fifty other *o-nes*, all equally inappropriate; but, as no man can make a silk purse of a sow's ear, so neither can we give the intelligence of free men to slaves.

Since the massacre of the poor Russians, to which I have alluded, on the 26th of December, numerous arrests have taken place at St. Petersburg, including some dozen princes. Startle not at the dignity, I do not mean princes of the blood; but in Russia, where the title of a father descends to all his male children to the third and fourth generation of those who will take it, princes are as plentiful as blackberries, and counts are of no account. During my short stay at St. Petersburg, I might have had in my service as many princes as would form the *tail* of a Highland chief. Russia is rather in a feverish state at present, and Nicholas can scarcely be said to sit easy on his throne, particularly as he never was popular, besides, he cannot but feel, if he does not exclaim, with Richard, 'Am I a king? 'tis so, but Constantine lives.' As for the latter prince, (whose conduct, in tamely suffering himself to be pushed from his stool of honour and greatness, I consider as pusillanimous,) he is living in inglorious ease at Warsaw.

I had written thus far, and was about to give you an account of my rambles to more distant regions, when the news of a great calamity reached me—the death of the elephant at Exeter 'Change, who has been slaughtered merely because he betrayed those propensities which are common to all nature. This

event has been a God-send to the newspapers, some of which have dwelt on it day after day; and, if the report of his appetite is at all correct, his death must lower the price of beef in the market at least twopence a pound. Only think of the powers of an animal, which required a hundred weight of salts for a gentle purge, and who, when stronger medicines was necessary, had Mr. Abernethy's blue pills served up, according to his own prescription, 'a peck every two hours, until the dose operates.' his thirst was, I understand, so extraordinary, that the want of water at fires has been owing to his exhausting the reservoirs, though the water companies did not like to confess it.

The death of the elephant, by means of discharges of musketry, was dignified and graceful; he had not, like Caesar, a mantle to adjust ere he fell, but he sunk in his most graceful position; that in which he receives his charge, when he is honoured with the burden of a prince. Like Caesar, however, he cast his fine eye on the conspirators, and hurled defiance, until seeing Mr. Cross, whom he had enriched by his bounty, among his enemies, he looked, though he spoke not, *Tu quoque Cross*, and his big heart, two feet long and eighteen inches broad, burst, and he expired!

My heart, Mr. Editor, is too full to pursue my ramble farther, and I must therefore beg of you to wait a week or two before you again hear from
ASMODEUS.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

PETITION FOR O'KEEFE.

By Mrs. Carey, author of *Lasting Impressions*.

FRIENDS of the stage! to you the comic muse,
A suppliant comes—Will you her pray'r refuse?
Unused to sue, the mirth-inspiring queen,
Now moves with tardy step and pensive mien,
While from her face the laughing graces fly,
And tears of sorrow dim her sparkling eye.

Ask you the cause of this unwonted grief?
She mourns for genius—for her own O'Keefe;
Who, ling'ring still on life's eventful stage,
Oppress'd with blindness, poverty, and age,
Now calls on those who have the power to save,
To smooth his passage to the friendly grave.

Oh, ye! who have, in youth, and manhood's
hours,

Deriv'd amusement from the vet'ran's pow'rs—
Ye, who remember, when the mimic scene
Sketch'd by his pen, defied the pow'rs of Spleen,
Will you not now, in this his darkest day,
Shed on his downward path a cheering ray—
With gen'rous ardour sooth an aching heart,
And bid the haggard train of Care depart?

You will—you must—for, in this favor'd isle,
Where thousands bask in Fortune's brightest
smile,

Though sordid av'rice piles his glitt'ring store,
And shuts 'gainst pining worth his guarded
door;

Kind hearts there are, to meek-eyed Pity dear,
Who breathe for human human woes the sigh
sincere;

And hearts like these shall bid the suff'rer live,
To taste each joy they have the pow'r to give.

West Square, March 7th.

THE CAPTIVE.

In life's short journey man must often find
Adversity and grief upon his road;
Woe still will mingle in the human mind,
And add its burden to the wanderer's load.

But he who, far from country and from home,
Mourns in captivity's unceasing gloom,
He feels true sorrow—doomed no more to roam
Through scenes of bliss—immur'd in mis'ry's tomb.

E'en though sometimes in halcyon dreams he roves

By streams once loved, forgetting all his pains;

Yet waking soon to deeper woe, he proves
The dreary distance of his native plains.

Or, sometimes, fancy-led, in wakeful hour,

He dares indulge anticipation's joys,

And scenes of promis'd peace with magic pow'r
Make him forget his fetters' hateful noise.

Soon, soon the happy future fades away,

Again his chains forbid his thoughts to roam,

Or make sad mem'ry mourn lost freedom's day,
Far from his friends, his country, and his home.

Perchance some gen'rous, sympathising soul

May for a moment steal away his pain;

But the next instant gives back grief's control;
For, ah! his home he ne'er may see again.

J. M. L.

FINE ARTS.

THE DIORAMA.

Of these two views, we again greatly prefer the interior one, (Roslyn Chapel,) the effect of which is as perfect and illusive as can be conceived. Indeed, it must almost follow of necessity that landscape scenery cannot be rendered equally deceptive, both for want of sufficiently powerful light, and for that decided contrast of light and shade which takes place in the interior of buildings. A more delightful and curious specimen of ancient architecture than the chapel, could hardly have been selected; and the execution may be pronounced truly wonderful. The effect of the sunshine occasionally gleaming through the door is surprising, nor is the broken pavement, &c. less skilfully managed. The view of the City of Rouen is certainly a very delightful subject; but is far from being so astonishing a performance as the preceding picture: there is not that striking air of reality and tangibility in the objects represented. We think, too, that even considered as a picture, this view is somewhat unequal in its execution. The sky is by no means so well as we could wish; the left hand side of the landscape strikes us as defective in point of colouring, and the distance as too harsh. But the river is very beautifully managed; and the effect of sunshine most admirable.

We find here, too, a novel and very successful attempt to imitate one of the most beautiful phenomena of nature—the rainbow. The view itself is certainly better selected than some of the preceding ones; but we still think that this description of subjects might be more varied; and scenery of a more striking and novel character occasionally introduced.

THE PÆCILORAMA

Consists of seven paintings viewed through magnifying glasses, after the manner of the

Cosmorama, but admits of the influence of light and shade in a greater degree than the Diorama—the paintings, however, are not so illusive. The views at present exhibiting are London in 1590, which, we presume, is correctly given, and is certainly interesting; the Ruins of Netley Abbey, by moonlight—this is an extremely pleasing subject, representing the effect of the moon in its course, and a fire scene, well painted, both of which have a good effect upon the decayed building; and, although it is difficult to say that the whole is not very pretty—yet there is a bungling grotesqueness in the shape and motion of the moon, that excites a smile which the artist could never have desired. The Interior and Exterior of the Castle of Chillon, Holy Island, and the City of Turin, possess beauties and defects in which the former predominate. The City of Rouen is taken from a better point of view than that of the Diorama, and the cathedral is represented in its present state, having lost its spire by fire. The effects of light and shade in this picture are very striking, and the whole exhibition is well worth the attention of the curious.

THE DRAMA,

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THERE is nothing new in the dramatic world, for we cannot call the appearance of M. Von Weber, the composer of *Der Frieschutz*, at Covent Garden Theatre, on Wednesday night, a dramatic event. M. Weber on this occasion merely exhibited himself, for he neither played, danced, nor sung, but stood behind a music desk, and wielded his baton with the dignity of a field marshal, though it was only to beat time, not armies. The newspapers tell us that the first part of the oratorio consisted of a selection from the *Frieschutz*, but we should as soon call the songs in the Beggar's Opera an Oratorio, as the music of the *Frieschutz*, which would be more probably termed the devil's sonatas. M. Weber was received with that welcome which is due to a man of his talents, and the engaging him is almost the only good thing the Covent Garden people have done this season.

MR. MATHEWS AT HOME.—Ere this number of *The Literary Chronicle* will have reached our country readers, Charles Mathews, we venture to predict, will, for the eighth season, have delighted a numerous auditory by his at Home. His new entertainment, which commences to-morrow (Saturday) evening, is called *Invitations*, and it describes a six days' ramble, in which various characters are portrayed to the life, and with all the humour and truth to nature of this inimitable performer. There are, however, in *Invitations*, some pathetic touches of every striking character; we would particularly instance the personation of the gamester, who, at first successful, ventures farther, until all his property is gone, and a mother, wife and family, brought to beggary. Insanity ensues, and the wretched creature, within the walls of a mad-house, displays all the ardour and anxiety of the frequenter of the gaming table. In this representation Mr.

Mathews exhibits a fearful and close imitation of scenes in real life.

Mr. Mathews concludes as usual with a *monopolylogue*, called the *City Barge*, in which there are some excellent hits. The entertainment is interspersed with songs, some of which are better than usual, and the whole, we are sure, will be prodigiously popular. Report assigns no inconsiderable portion of *Invitations* to Mr. Mathews's son, a fine promising youth, who we hope will attain as high a character as an architect, as his father has done as a comedian.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Is the press, the Dwarf of Wersterbourg, from the German.

An Academy of Science is proposed to be formed in Hungary. The proposal was received by the Diet with great acclamation.

Had we a national ménagerie similar to the Jardins des Plantes, says a writer in *The Times*, it would not cost an enormous sum; foreigners as well as natives might then see our wild beasts gratuitously, and we should prove ourselves as liberal as the French.

A Berlin journal, called *Vosses Gazette*, has published, by command of the King of Prussia, a poem, to compliment the Duke of Wellington, on the day of his arrival there, and afterwards an English translation of it, accompanied with a note, stating, that Dr. Er. Forster, the author of the poem, has received the duke's thanks for it, in a very flattering letter. His majesty, the king, it is said, pointed out the poem to the duke's attention.

The Thames Tunnel.—This extraordinary undertaking proceeds with as much rapidity as circumstances will admit. On the 2nd of March, last year, the foundation of a circular brick tower, fifty feet in diameter, and three feet thick, was laid. This tower was gradually undermined, and sunk, until it rested on clay, forty feet below the surface; a wall was then built from beneath to meet the kirk on which it stood, till, from the depth of sixty-four feet, the shaft was completed, and a well formed, seventeen feet deep, and twenty-five feet diameter in the centre of the area, to serve as a receptacle for any water that might at any time casually collect in the works, and which always brings it under the command of the steam-engine pumps. The breaking through the shaft, and commencing the tunnel, were always looked forward to as among the greatest difficulties to be encountered. Such have, in fact, arisen, but by skill and industry, they have been surmounted as they arose; the tunnel has been safely carried through, and closely and effectually united with the wall of the shaft; the arches and foot and carriage ways have been commenced, and the iron machine invented by Mr Brunel, that the workmen might have security and confidence while at work, is already thirty three feet and a half in advance from its first position in the shaft.

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

An Obedient Soldier.—A general officer commanding at Plymouth some few years since, once gave strict orders to the sentry at the citadel, that no one except the general's cow should pass over the grass. While this order was in force, Lady D. called to visit the general's lady, and on entering the citadel was, as usual, about to take the short cut across the grass, when, to her great surprise, she was ordered off by the sentry, who said, 'You can't pass there.' 'Not pass here?' said her ladyship, 'perhaps you don't know who I am.' 'I neither know nor care who you are,' said the soldier; 'but I know you are not the general's cow, and no one else can pass there.'

The Oppression of Wealth.—An aged pair at Market Weighton, having last week withdrawn a deposit of £100 from the Beverley bank, in sovereigns, became so much alarmed for its security, that after sitting up two nights to watch their store, they returned it on the third day, with a request that the bankers would once more take it into their safe keeping.—*York Courant*.

It is said that the band of the 72nd (Highland) regiment, on its way to the established church in Belfast, the first Sunday after it received the order which prevents it from worshipping in the Presbyterian meeting-house, (perhaps inadvertently,) played the appropriate air of 'This is no my ain house, I ken by the bigging o't.'

W's.—I wonder that it has never struck the discoverers of 'curious coincidences,' (a pestilent class by the way,) that most of the things in which men chiefly delight begin with a W. There are women, wit, wine, and wisdom; an alliteration of good things not to be surpassed. Again, observe how the ladies have got the W among them in their various relations, woman, wife, widow; they escape it only in the estate of maid, but a cockney would reach them here by giving the w to virgin.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	4 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
Mar. 3	49	48	47	29 80	Rain.
.... 4	49	55	45	.. 74	Fair.
.... 5	44	43	37	.. 94	Do.
.... 6	38	45	47	30 00	Cloudy.
.... 7	50	55	49	29 88	Do.
.... 8	49	55	49	30 00	Fair.
.... 9	49	60	56	.. 17	Do.

Works just published.—Milizia's *Lives of the Architects*, by Cresy, 2 vols. 8vo 28s.—Bowdler's *Gibbon*, 5 vols. 8vo. 3l 3s.—*The Labour of Idleness*, post 8vo. 9s. 6d.—*Digest of the Evidence on the State of Ireland*, 2 vols. 18s.—*Literary Gems*, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—*Freeman's Sketches in Wales*, 8vo. 21s.—*Penrose on the Evidence of Miracles*, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—*Tour in Jamaica*, 15s.—*Doyle's Essays on the Catholic Claims*, 6s.—*Close's Discourses on Genesis*, 8vo. 12s.—*Copsey's Essays on Religion*, 8vo. 10s.—*Woolrich on Certificates*, 8vo. 15s.

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